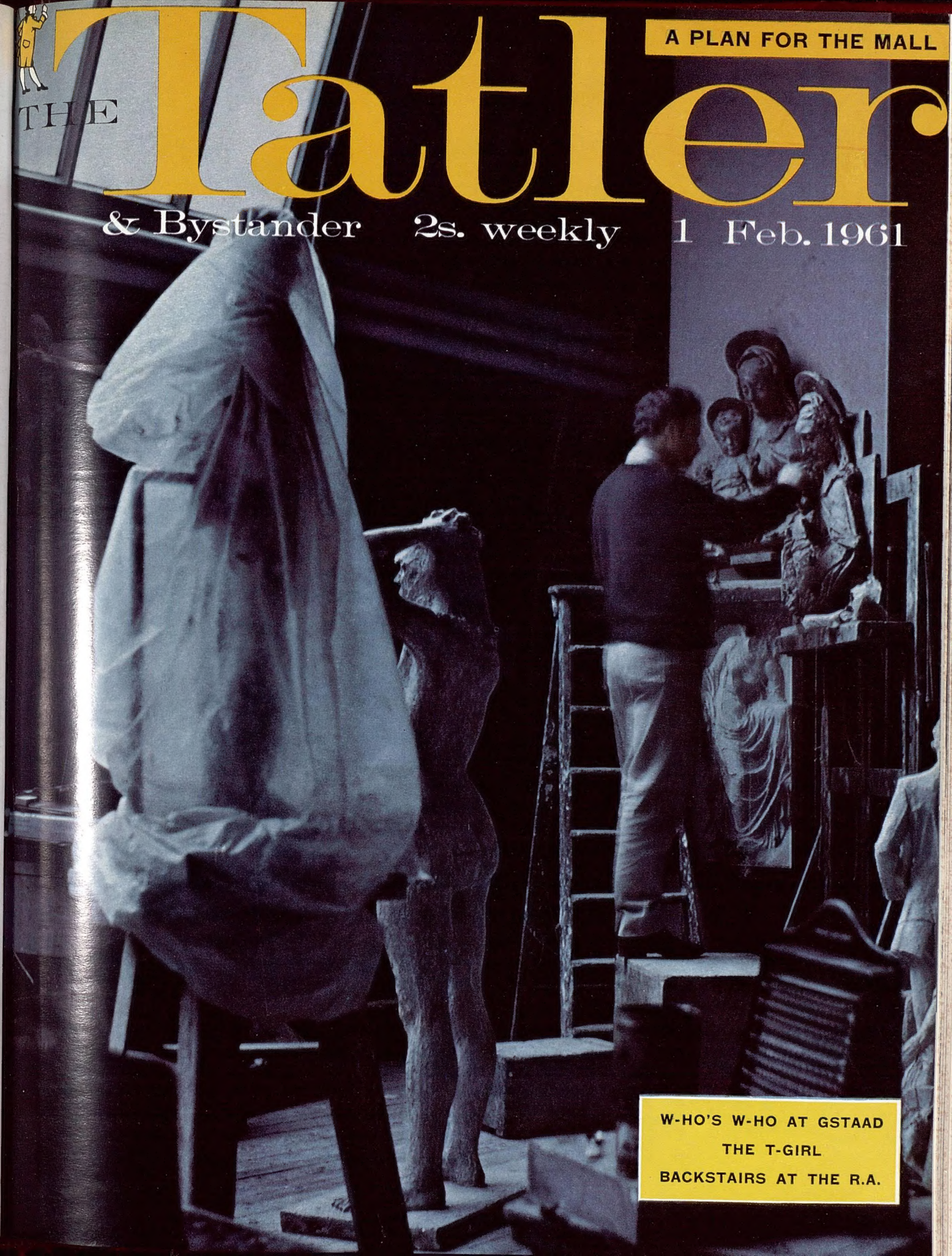


THE Tatler

& Bystander 2s. weekly 1 Feb. 1961

A PLAN FOR THE MALL

W-HO'S W-HO AT GSTAAD

THE T-GIRL

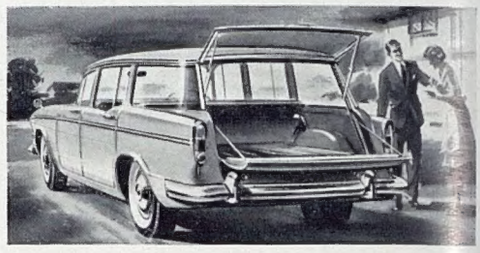
BACKSTAIRS AT THE R.A.

HUMBER

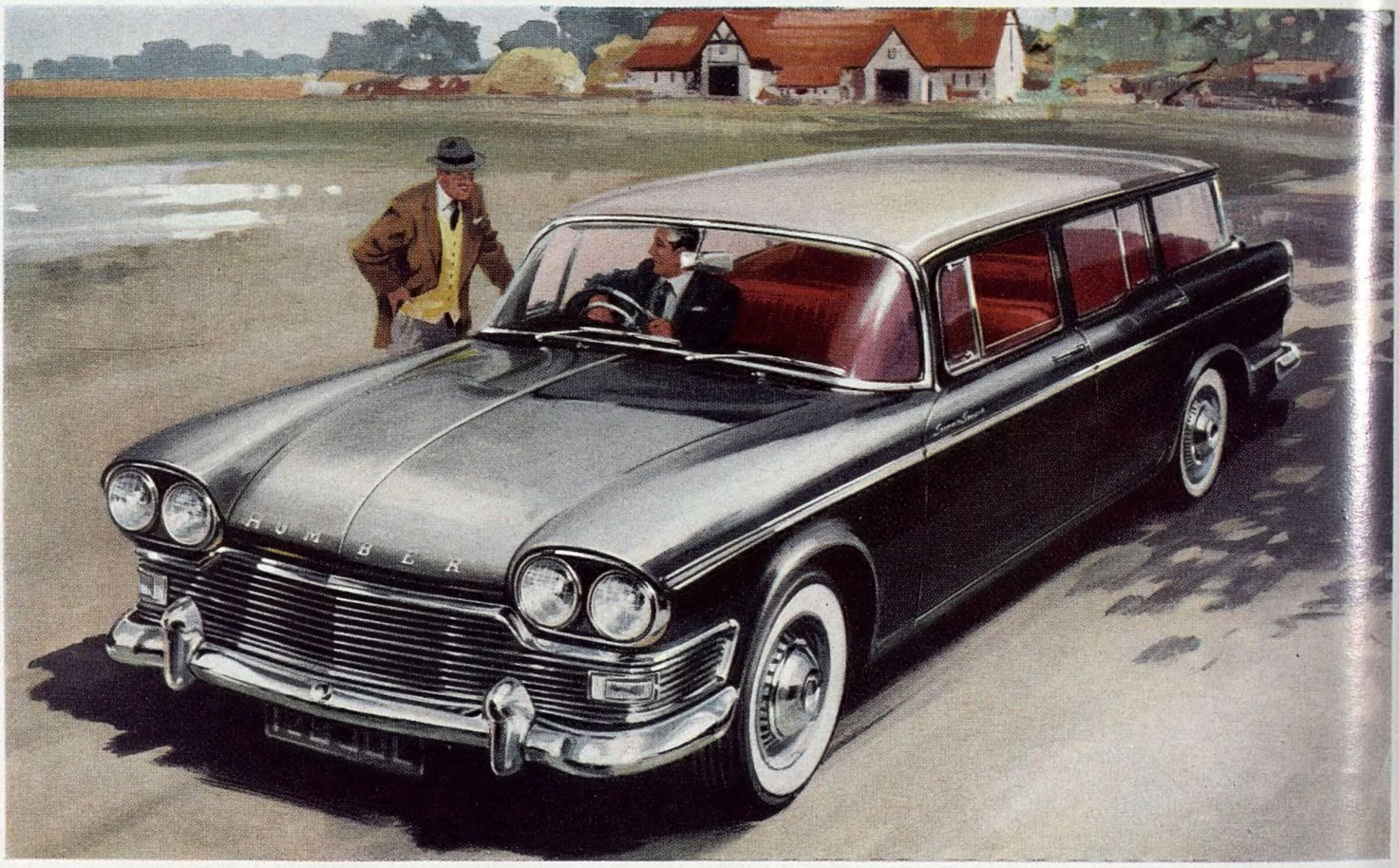
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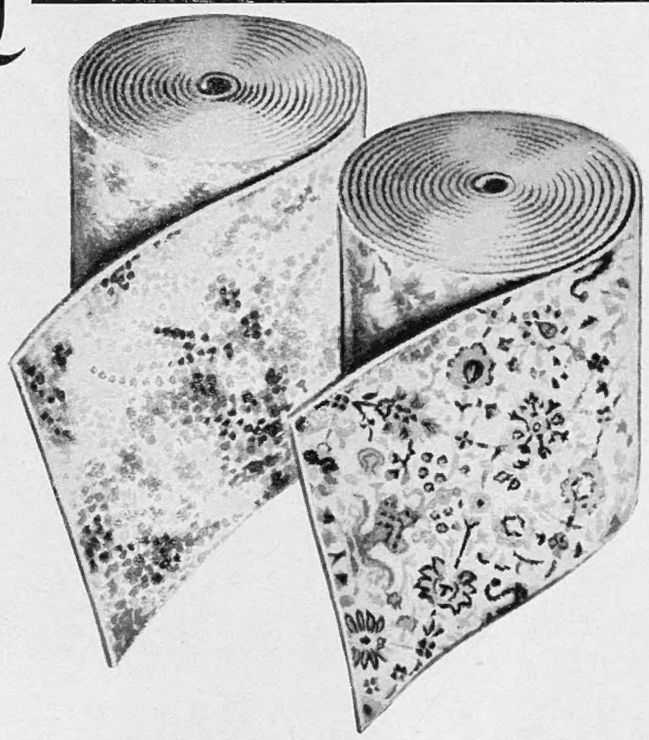
CARPET SALE

An important announcement

IN conjunction with our February White Sale and Furnishing Event, we have pleasure in announcing that we are offering the following CARPETS BY THE YARD at reduced prices. These outstanding bargains merit your careful consideration and the reductions are available only during the month of February. Call or write today for free patterns from the Carpet Department on the Third Floor.

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THE Tatler
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Volume CCXXXIX Number 3101

1 FEBRUARY 1961

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INGRAM HOUSE 13-15 JOHN ADAM STREET ADELPHI LONDON W.C.2 (TRAfalgar 7020)

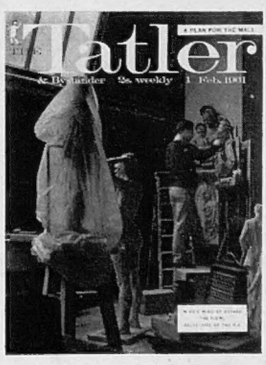
YOU REALLY OUGHT TO K-NOW...

AS ANYBODY who reads the newspapers knows by now, this year's most-talked-about snow resort is a spot in the Bernese Oberland that has not had much attention before. Now film stars are building chalets there and royalty goes ski-ing. To give a comprehensive picture of the place and the people The Tatler has sent a longtime contributor on social matters (and inveterate Swiss hibernator), Brodrick Haldane. His photographs and reports appear this week—and to anyone who remembers Michael Flanders's *I'm a Gnu*, it was inevitable that it should be called *W-ho's w-ho at Gstaad* (page **193** onwards). . . .

From here on it needs a foreign roll call to marshal this week's contributors. Lord Kilbracken is in Italy, ski-ing at Cortina, Gordon Wilkins is off on the Monte Carlo rally, and Muriel Bowen is in India for the royal visit. Not that any of these is missing from this issue. Gordon Wilkins found time before leaving to ask the question that at some time or other has maddened every driver: *Can't bumpers be bumpworthy?* (page **225**). Muriel Bowen left behind her account of *Heythrop heydays* (page **202**), a picture report on what she considers the leading hunt in the country. Incidentally The Tatler is also represented in India by a photographer, who will be sending back exclusive pictures of the Queen's progress. The first of these will be published shortly. . . .

To Londoners the most arresting contribution to this issue may well be *A plan to put life into Carlton House Terrace.* It is suggested by a young writer on architecture, Mark Bence-Jones, and the core of the idea is to have shops under the terrace and bring a Champs-Elysées touch to the Mall. Terri Hamaton has drawn how the transformed terrace would look (page **205** onwards). . . .

The cover:



Blue winter light suffuses a studio off Piccadilly, belonging to the country's most historic but least-known art school. The Royal Academy Schools have premises at the back of Burlington House, and Robert Wraight describes some of its fascinating history and contemporary liveliness in Backstairs at the R.A. (*page* **197** *onwards*). *The photographs, like the cover, were taken by* ROGER HILL

Next week: What's happening to the cocktail? . . .



GOING PLACES

SOCIAL

Bicester & Warden Hill Hunt Ball, 3 February, at Kirtlington Park.

Bob Ball, 4 February, Palace Hotel, St. Moritz.

Winter Ball, 8 February, at the Dorchester, to raise funds for some London Conservative associations. Tickets: £3 5s. from Miss Nancy Scott, 8 Hertford Avenue, S.W.14.

Hunt Balls on 10 February: Royal Agricultural College Beagles, at Bingham Hall, Cirencester; the Vine, at the Corn Exchange, Newbury.

Cruft's Dog Show, 10 & 11 February, at Olympia.

Point-to-points on 11 February: Oxford University Bullingdon Club, at Crowell; West Norfolk, at Lexham.

Cresta Ball, 11 February, Palace Hotel, St. Moritz.

SPORT

Race meetings: Haydock Park, Windsor, 1, 2; Doncaster, Hurst Park, 3, 4; Sedgefield, Stratford-on-Avon, 4; Fontwell Park, Warwick, 6; Newbury, 8, 9 February.

Rugby: Barbarians v. South Africa, Cardiff, 4 February.

Curling: British Open Championships, Falkirk, 2 February.

Coursing: Waterloo Cup, Altcar, 8-10 February.

Hockey: South v. Rest of England, Chichester, 4 February.

Ladies Lacrosse: Midlands v. South, High Wycombe, 4 February; Midlands v. North, Weston Rhyn, 9 February; South v. West, Eastbourne, 11 February.

Pheasant & partridge shooting end today.

MUSICAL

Covent Garden Opera. Gluck's *Orpheus* tonight; Britten's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (first London perf.), 2 February, also 6, 8 February; *Cavalleria Rusticana* & *Pagliacci*, 3 February. All 7.30 p.m. (cov 1066.)

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *Pineapple Poll, Les Sylphides, Sweeney Todd,* 2.15 & 7.30 p.m., 4 February; *Le Lac Des Cygnes,* 7.30 p.m., 7 February.



ED QUINN

A special tea show for Viscountess Astor (fourth from right) *was put on at the Palace Hotel, St. Moritz, as she had missed the British Fashion Gala. As Bronwen Pugh, she modelled in the first of these shows two years ago, and it was then that she met Viscount Astor* (seen here on her left). *From St. Moritz this show was flown by United Arab Airlines for a tour of the Middle East. The girls will arrive in Teheran during the Queen's visit at the end of her present tour.*

Sadler's Wells Opera. *The Barber Of Seville*, tonight; R. Strauss's *Ariadne In Naxos*, 2 & 4 February; *Die Fledermaus*, 3 & 8 February. 7.30 p.m. (TER 1672/3.)

Royal Festival Hall. *Messiah* in entirety, with original accompaniments, by the London Choral Society & London Philharmonic Orchestra, 6 p.m., 4 February; Concert performance of *Le Nozze Di Figaro* by Philharmonia Orchestra & Chorus, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf (*see this page*) &c., 7.30 p.m., 6 February; Verdi's *Requiem* by Bach Choir & London Symphony Orchestra, 8 p.m., 7 February. (WAT 3191.)

ART

Royal Academy Winter Exhibition—"The Age of Charles II," Burlington House, Piccadilly, W.1, to 26 February.

The Treasures Of Trinity Exhibition, with the Book of Kells, at Burlington House, to 5 March, in aid of Trinity College, Dublin, Library Extension Fund.

Zadkine, at the Tate Gallery, Millbank, S.W.1, to 12 February.

Water Colours & Drawings, Agnews, 43 Old Bond Street, W.1, to 4 March.

EXHIBITION

Furniture Show, Earls Court, to 11 February. (Opens today.)

LECTURES

Royal Society Of Arts, John Adam St., Adelphi, W.C.2. *Wall Paper & Its History* by E. A. Entwisle, a director of Wall Paper Mfrs., 2.30 p.m. today; *The Timber Industry,* Rodney Perry, chairman, Timber Development Association, 2.30 p.m., 8 February; *The Modern Chemical Industry* (Cantor Lecture) by James Taylor, a director of I.C.I., 6 p.m., 6 February. For tickets apply Secretary (TRA 2366).

AUCTION SALES

Sotheby's. Eighteenth-century & modern paintings & drawings, today; English & Continental silver & plate, 2 February; Works of art, Oriental carpets, tapestries, English & Continental furniture, 3 February. All at 11 a.m. (HYD 6545.)

Druce & Co. Outstanding furs, Grosvenor House, 11 a.m., 10 February. (WEL. 4488.)

FIRST NIGHTS

Saville Theatre. *Magic Lantern,* 6 February.

Old Vic. *Henry IV,* 14 February.

Aldwych Theatre. *The Devils,* 15 February.

Mermaid Theatre. *John Gabriel Borkman,* 16 February.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 219.

West Side Story. ". . . high dramatic moments . . . music and dancing are most happily integrated." Marlys Watters, Don McKay, George Chakiris, Ken le Roy. (Her Majesty's Theatre, WHI 6606.)

Ondine. "A haunting theatrical experience to raise our hopes for the future of this Stratford-London venture . . . Mr. Peter Hall understands perfectly how the mind of the author works." Leslie Caron, Richard Johnson, Max Adrian. (Aldwych Theatre, TEM 6404.)

Irma La Douce. ". . . innocent absurdity . . . the music grows better and better all the while." Shani Wallis, Dennis Quilley, Joe Melia. (Lyric Theatre, GER 3686.)

CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 220.

G.R. = General release

The Pure Hell Of St. Trinians. "The fiends from the fourth form are in fine fettle . . . the belles of the sixth form are kidnapped by a white slave agent. . . . A susceptible judge and a haywire headmistress help to make the whole thing tremendous fun." Cecil Parker, Joyce Grenfell, George Cole, Eric Barker, Thorley Walters, Raymond Huntley, Irene Handl. *G.R.*

The Sundowners. ". . . if you are fed up with sorry tales of war, crime and crazy juvenile delinquents, you cannot do better than take yourself to this film . . . you will find no wrong 'uns here—all the people are hard-working, rough but friendly, and I can't tell you how much I enjoyed their company." Robert Mitchum, Peter Ustinov, Deborah Kerr. (Warner Theatre, GER 3423.)

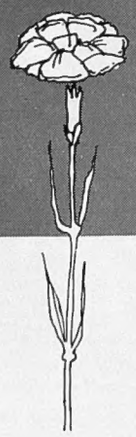


ERICH AUERBACH

ELISABETH SCHWARZKOPF (left) *with* Sena Jurinac, *will sing in a concert version of Mozart's* Marriage of Figaro *at the Royal Festival Hall on 6 February. Miss Jurinac is to appear in the long-awaited production of* Fidelio, *conducted by Klemperer, at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, on 24 February*

BRIGGS by Graham





GOING PLACES LATE

Douglas Sutherland

Shopping for the shows

WITH THE FIRST MONTH OF 1961 safely past this seems a good time to take a look around the night spots and see what cheer they have to offer through the cold months that still lie ahead. I'll start with a tour of the clubs where you have to be a member as opposed to the late night restaurants where you do not. Most of the top night clubs have floor-shows, notable exceptions being the **Milroy,** the **400** and the **21 Room.** At these clubs the accent is on soft music, dancing and (at the 21 Room in particular) good food.

Several of the better-known night clubs run a twice nightly floor-show, one at around 10.30 and the other at 1 a.m. Personally I prefer this two-shift system probably because my Scottish blood impels me to get my money's worth and I don't always want to hang around until 1 a.m. to do so. Notable clubs in the two-shows-a-night bracket are **Murray's Cabaret Club** in Beak Street, the **Eve, Churchills** and the **Gargoyle.** Regular night club goers will probably find Murray's the best bet as the show is changed more frequently. Watching the same show week after week and sometimes month after month can get kinda tedious however good it was to start with. Incidentally, I am surprised on my rounds at the number of people who use the same club night after night. I am never sure whether it is their physical or financial stamina that I admire the more.

Clubs with one floor-show a night only—usually around 1 a.m.—include **Winston's** (always of an exceptionally high standard), the **Embassy,** the **Astor,** the **Satire,** the **Don Juan, Edmundo Ros** and the **Blue Angel.** The Astor specializes in importing American stars, talent-spotted by owner Bertie Green who has picked quite a few winners. The Blue Angel goes in for a gay, lively show, built around guitarist Noel Harrison, that has been packing the customers in and looks like doing so for some time to come. The Satire and the Don Juan tend to go in for small intimate cabaret as opposed to the lavish costume shows at the Embassy and Edmundo Ros.

The **Stork Room**—one of the few clubs that open on Sunday—has a personality and clientele peculiarly its own. Owner Al Burnett comperes the cabaret which consists principally of himself and his customers. Interest in late-night restaurants of course centres principally around the activities of the two giants, the **Pigalle** and the **Talk of the Town.** Currently playing at the two-house jam-packed Pigalle are the Japanese Imperial Dancers rather refreshingly advertised as "never before seen on TV." They will be followed in March by explosive American blonde star Betty Hutton. Max Bygraves is at Talk of the Town for a limited season following the Andrews Sisters' successful run.

Up-and-coming contender in the field of late-night restaurant entertainment is Paul (Revuebar) Raymond's **Celebrité** in Bond Street. His elaborate and fast moving cabaret depends on variety rather than international names and the formula is proving very popular.



CHRISTIAN FAIRFAX

KNOW YOUR BARMAN—3. The Caprice: *Italian-born Eddie Francocci has been head barman for three years, and behind the bar there for* 11. *His manner is cool, dignified and discreet, his mixtures impeccable. Latest drink demanded by his customers is the Ballshot, an American-inspired and curious blending of vodka and* consommé *that is said to be a specific against the English winter.*



GOING PLACES TO EAT

John Baker White

For dramatic appetites

C.S. = Closed Sundays
W.B. = Wise to book a table

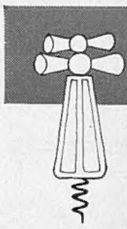
Maison Prunier, 72 St. James's Street. (HYD 1373.) *C.S.* What should one eat and drink after the theatre, assuming that one is both really hungry and thirsty? Madame Prunier answered the first half of the question recently for my wife and myself with her admirable *Souper Intime* of three courses for 25s. 6d. We drank first a half-bottle of a still champagne Vin Blanc de Mesnil 1959 followed by a half-bottle of a Chateau Latour (Pauillac) 1950, and both were notable for their delicacy. Why, in Britain, do we not drink still champagnes more often? *W.B.*

King's Head & Eight Bells, 50 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. (FLA 3800.) *C.S.* Over the pleasant and friendly public and saloon bars is another, equally agreeable, and a smallish but well-appointed dining-room, with a touch of the Edwardian chop-house about it. The cooking is British and good, the service swift and friendly, the wine list adequate, and the bitter well kept. A three-course dinner, without drink, will cost you from 10s. 6d. to 16s. 6d., depending on your choice of eatables. *W.B.*

Le Vendôme, 20 Dover Street, W.1. (MAY 5417.) One of the Wheeler family, it is so popular that it is almost impossible to get in to any meal unless you have booked a table. It has been like that for quite a long time. Naturally fish is a speciality, but there are plenty of other dishes as well. The wine list is good. It is not cheap, so allow about 35s. per head, without wine. *W.B.*

The Ox On The Roof, 353 King's Road, Chelsea. (FLA 8947.) I believe this is the only restaurant in London offering genuine Indonesian cooking—and jolly good, too. The experts from Amsterdam would find no cause for complaint. If this is a new field of adventure to you, follow the advice of the management with regard to dishes. Most Indonesian ones are cooked for two people, but the large menu covers the world from France to Japan. Allow about 20s. per head without drinks. There is good Munich beer to match the Eastern dishes, also *saki*. *W.B.*

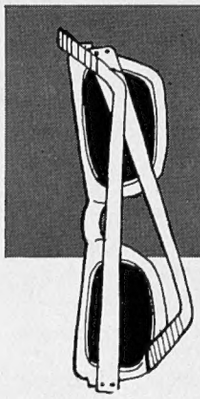
Seven Stars, Corner House, Coventry Street. A travelled American friend considers this restaurant about the best value for money anywhere. Its line is high quality plain English cooking. A large plate of roast beef, cut from the joint, with horse-radish sauce, creamed baked potato, and a mixed salad costs 8s. 3d. Other prices are equally moderate. Wines include a good claret and a pleasant dry white Graves at 12s. per bottle. The surroundings are pleasant, the service swift. Tables not booked.



WINE NOTE

Record from Germany

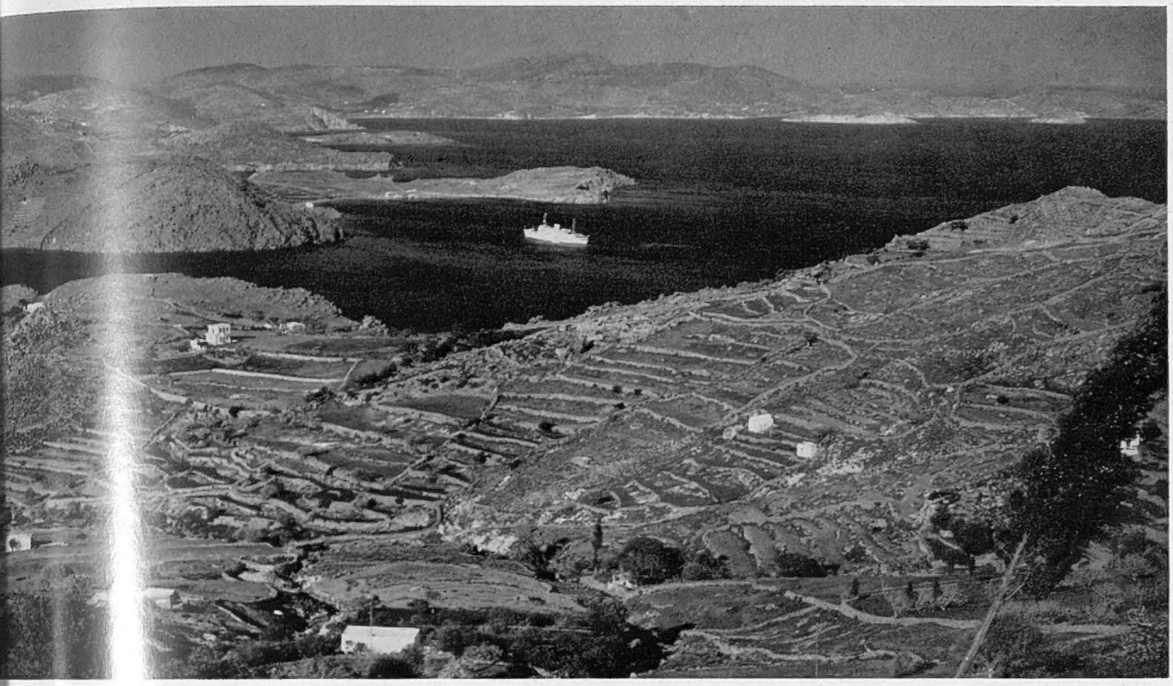
Though some of the grapes were still on the vines in Germany early in November, the German wine-growers, I hear, are feeling a little more cheerful about the quality of the 1960 wine. The quantity is huge, 110 million gallons, breaking the previous 1958 record by 5 million gallons. The wines will not have the sweetness or strength of a sunny year, but they are expected to make decent ordinary drinking.



GOING PLACES ABROAD

Doone Beal

Rough and ready regions



A. F. KERSTING

The G[illegible] Island of Patmos, seen from th[illegible]ath to the monastery of St. J[illegible]

FOLLOWING the revelation last week that I am not in my early sixties, I should explain that the reader who thought I was said more. In cold print, he went on, I sounded as though I never exactly danced with my shoes off. I told him that on the contrary, I seldom dance with them on. But that, if this column has the personality of one who is severely conventional (not guilty), and overfond of creature comforts (well, a grain of truth), I promised to make amends. This week, therefore, I devote it to people who are prepared to travel light and accept the rough and ready without benefit of the trimmings. As, for heaven's sake, so am I. With or without shoes.

Taken quite literally, the Club Mediterannee is the top contender. You spend a barefoot day dressed in nothing more than a bikini or a sarong, with a row of beads slung round your neck by way of cash. The Club—a French institution—has cornered some of the best beaches in Europe. I've seen two of their camps, one in Corfu and the other in Sardinia. Others include Corsica, Sicily and Pakostane in Yugoslavia. They consist of thatched, Polynesian-type huts for either two or three people; outdoor dining, bars and dancing; water ski-ing (plus instruction) and sailing where available. And there is simple French food and wine to go with it. Average inclusive cost is around £45 for two weeks, with second-class rail and air travel and a night in Paris both ways. In the same price bracket, the Club Mediterannee also do winter sports holidays, with two centres in Switzerland (Leysin and Engelberg) and two in France (Serre Chevalier and Tignes). The price includes accommodation in hotels or chalets, ski-ing lessons and unlimited use of ski lifts. Travel Counsellors, Wrights' Lane, London, W.8, are the people to contact.

Since I rode a donkey up the hill to the monastery on Patmos, I have been intrigued by the idea of seeing some of the rest of Greece in this way. Alas, it will have to remain a poetic image in my mind because the farmers are unwilling to let their working donkeys go—and, if they do, charge Rolls-Royce and Cadillac prices for them. However, one can see Andalusia by pony, which is a good alternative. Nine-day tours are organized with nights spent in good pensions and the price, which includes the flight to and from Gibraltar, is from £66. World Sport and Travel Service, of 199 Sloane Street, also operate pony trekking tours across the Hardanger Plateau in Norway. They are run fortnightly from early June to the end of August, and £50 10s. includes rail and sea travel from London as well as all food and mountain hut accommodation *en route*.

Yugoslavia offers a great deal to the more adventurous. The coastal steamers which link the islands to the mainland are equipped and scheduled for local rather than tourist needs, but the fishing (as, also, the swimming) from the islands is magnificent. Hvar, on an easy steamer route from Split, has two B class hotels, the Palace and the Dalmacija. Pag, which spreads its elongated claws into the glorious bay just north of Zadar, has a simple C class hotel, also called the Dalmacija. Putnik Zadar (the Government tourist office) organizes six-day cruises to the Kornat archipelago in fishing, motor or sailing boats. All necessary equipment is laid on, and a guide who knows the waters accompanies you. I hear excellent reports of these cruises and of much slivovicz wine and *radose* (Yugoslav for gaiety) while grilling the catch over an open fire. It is a situation in which the Yugoslavs are at their best: grand hotel living is not their *métier*.

Freighter cruises are increasingly sought by people who do not want, or want to pay for, the peach-coloured glass and general spoon-feeding of life aboard a conventional liner. Interesting examples are a 10-day cruise to Antwerp, Hamburg, Bremen and Rotterdam for £45: a 20-day trip to Gibraltar, Barcelona, Valencia and back for £85; and Genoa, Leghorn, Naples and Sicily—a 30-day voyage—for £90. Ports of departure from this country are both various and variable, as are the ports of call *en route*. But that's half the appeal. Pitt & Scott, of 1 St. Paul's Churchyard, have a comprehensive list of available ships: Danish, Dutch, German and Italian as well as British.

Travelling second class by rail, one can get to Athens for as little as £37 11s. It is well worth sitting up for two nights to see, in my opinion, and at either the El Greco or the Alpha (both new second-class hotels) you can have a room and shower for under £1 a night. The second-class rail fare to Venice is only £21 2s. (a 24-hour trip). The Pensione Accademia, right in the most lovely part of the city, charges from under £1 to just over £2 depending upon room, bath, with or without pension and so on.

Nor is the cheap, picturesque little Left Bank hotel in Paris a myth: the Henri Quatre in place Dauphine, Isle de la Cité, costs only about 15s. a night. The nearby Cité hotel charges a little more and is, I am told, better appointed. You won't get a private bath in either, but you are in the middle of one of the oldest and prettiest parts of Paris.

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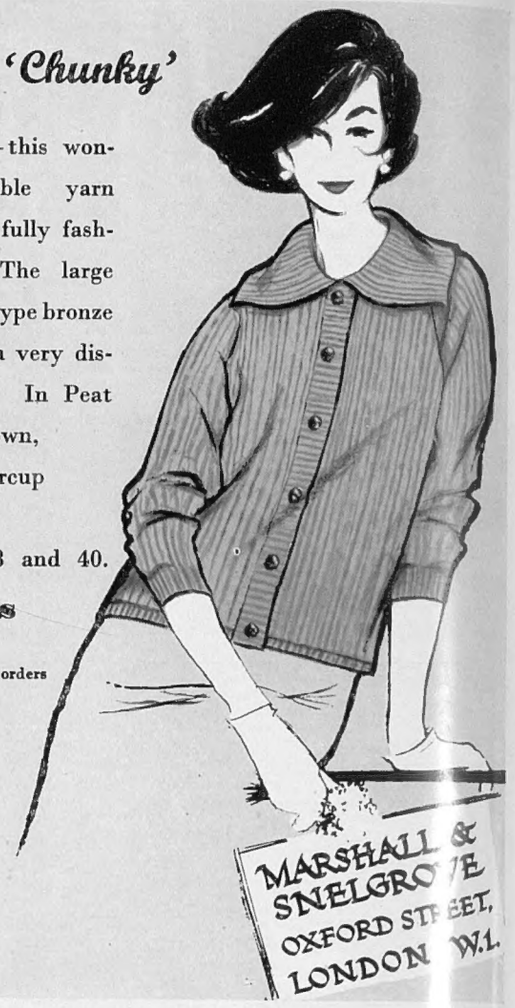
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Viscountess Kelburn and her elder daughter, the Hon. Sarah Boyle

Something you really ought to k-now about the season's most social snow spot . . .

W-HO'S W-HO *at* GSTAAD



Report & photographs by **BRODRICK HALDANE**



Mrs. Diana Barnato Walker was staying with Mr. & Mrs. Leo Partridge



Mrs. Belinda Egerton-Warburton & Miss Lavinia Legard





The Earl of Warwick in l new chalet, pictured above

Opposite: *Gstaad'. village centre sees more Cadill s than horse sleighs, thoug there's hardly room to power-steer one*



Vicomte Benoist d'Azy on the terrace of the Eagle Ski Club, of which he is secretary

W-HO'S W-HO *at* GSTAAD *continued*

I HADN'T BEEN in Gstaad a day before I found the top topic was not ski-ing but building. For here in the Swiss highlands new chalets are cropping up at such a rate that prospective residents are staking their sites higher and higher up the mountainside to achieve a room with a view. Party table talk sooner or later gets round to such homely themes as the intricacies of the local drainage system or the best way to disguise a radiator coil. "Copper is a must for gutter pipes," confides an ethereal blonde in black. I have known Gstaad in almost all its winter moods, phases and climatic changes but the building boom is something new.

Those new to the chalet cult find Scottish-born Madame André Firmenich, the colony's doyenne (with two chalets to her name), full of information. She and her husband—both well known in the international yacht-racing firmament—built their second mountain home to serve as an annexe for their grandchildren and guests. They spend most of the year at Creux de Genthod, a lovely house by the lake outside Geneva.

All the chalets are built to conform to the traditional Saanen style, with wide, deeply buttressed wooden eaves and walls of mountain pine carved with lace-like precision by local craftsmen. "You can't have pastel coloured walls in this light," the Earl of Warwick explained as

CONTINUED ON PAGE 196





Prince & Princess Frederick of Prussia, with their three elder children Nicholas, Andrew & Victoria



Lydia Duchess of Bedford, and her son Lord Francis Russell

W-HO'S W-HO *at* GSTAAD *concluded*



Miss Carolyn Hunter was with her family at the Alpina



Mr. Jamie Robertson and Miss Penelope Walker

we sat in the red drawing-room of his still unfinished chalet, halfway up a mountain. Sliding doors at either end opened into the dining-room and his bedroom (which has walls covered with golden-hued silk). Lord Warwick is emphatic about fireplaces: "Rooms without them have no ventilation." His have carved wood mantelpieces imported from London. The pictures are mostly modern though I spied some family miniatures as yet unhung. Work on "*chalet War-wick*" as the locals dub this imposing domain, has been slowed up owing to the inevitable labour shortage.

From the wide terrace outside there is a fine view of the mountains, and perched on top of one of them—the Wasserngrat—is the celebrated Eagle Club of which Lord Warwick is president. Incidentally, he has recently had Lord & Lady Selsdon staying at the chalet with him: also their daughter the Hon. Petrina Mitchell-Thomson and Lord Sel[illegible]ion's son, the Hon. Malcolm.

One day I took the train over to Schonried to lunch with the Hon. Mrs. Henry Cubitt (the former Ghislaine Alexander). She a[illegible] her husband (Lord Ashcombe's heir) and daughter, Tana, were insta[illegible]ed in the centuries-old chalet, Saanehus, which Prince Sadri Khan took [illegible]rlier in the season. Prince Rainier & Princess Grace of Monaco are du[illegible] there shortly with their children.

Back in Gstaad, I had tea with Mrs. Myrtle Leigh at the cha[illegible]t she built a few years ago. Her daughter, Joyce, was holidaying in [illegible]staad with her husband, Mr. Anthony Hunter, and his pretty da[illegible]ghter, Carolyn, who came out in London last year. Mrs. Leigh is a [illegible]lower painter and several of her pictures have lately been exhibited [illegible]t the O'Hana Gallery in Carlos Place. Lord Warwick bought some [illegible]or his chalet. So did Sir Duncan Orr-Lewis. Each day she works away in her top-floor studio. But painting flowers in the Alps in mid-winter presents a problem for Chalet Gifferhorn has no garden, and most of the flowers have to be imported from Lausanne.

The Aga Khan says he's never known the snow better, and Colonel Percy Legard is having a huge success with his ski-jumping classes. Two of his most promising young pupils are Prince Frederick of Prussia's sons, Nicholas and Andrew, who have been staying with their parents at the chalet Diana, which Comte Edouard Decazes and his American-born wife are renting in February. Comtesse Chevreau d'Antraigues paid a fleeting visit from Ouchy during my stay. She had lately been awarded the Legion of Honour for her work on behalf of French charities. Her son, Guy, Marquis de Cramayel & his wife, who runs an antique shop and art gallery in Geneva, were also weekending in Saanenland. They were married last summer and have just moved into a farmhouse near Lausanne.

The visitors have poured in this season. There was Princess Alexandra, their Majesties of Siam and, surprisingly, Louis Armstrong & his trumpet. One can no longer hear the sleigh bells for motor horns, and in the village street there's hardly room to power-steer a Cadillac. Yet, looking down on the snow-capped rooftops of this expanding *ville de neige*, it seems remarkable how little the trappings of fashionable life have changed its Breughelesque beauty.



Model's view of the life class at the R.A. Schools

Backstairs at the R.A.

by Robert Wraight

PHOTOGRAPHS: ROGER HILL

THE MODEL moved for the first time in an hour, reached for her wrap and disappeared into her cubicle. The students put down their boards and pencils and delved into coat pockets for sandwiches, or trooped out to the canteen for sausage and mash. Above the chatter and the patter of hungry feet in the long corridor there rose the uncertain notes of a saxophone and a trumpet. This was lunchtime at the Royal Academy Schools, the oldest, but least well known, of London's principal art schools.

I traced the quasi-musical sounds to the wash-house, where the five members of the school jazz band were having their daily practice around the long stone sink. On a wall near the door a notice read:

> Towels are provided for their proper use. Students are asked not to wipe their oil brushes on them. If students persist in the practice, the towels will be removed.
>
> HENRY RUSHBURY,
> Keeper

Mr. Henry Rushbury, C.B.E., C.V.O., R.A., is a benign, white-haired man permanently directing a quizzical look over the top of curiously shaped spectacles at the young men and women in his charge. "You know," he says, as a long-haired fellow in skin-tight jeans goes by with a callipygous girl in black stockings and hand-knitted suit, "I think they are more picturesque now than at any time since the 18th century."

Not that Mr. Rushbury has actually been at the Academy since the 18th century. But

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



Mr. Henry Rushbury, Keeper of the Royal Academy

it would hardly be surprising if he felt he had—for when George III decreed on 10 December, 1768, that the newly founded Royal Academy should include schools of design, with academies of living models "*free to all students who shall be qualified to receive advantage from such studies,*" he also detailed the rules for the administration of the Schools. And these have remained virtually unchanged since Turner and Constable were students there.

They survived the Schools' three moves, with the Academy itself, from the original home in Pall Mall to Somerset House (or Palace, as it was then) in 1780; from Somerset House to the National Gallery, in 1836; from the National Gallery to Burlington House, in 1868. But for these moves, one feels, the Schools' furnishings, decoration and amenities might easily have remained as they were in 1768. As it is, they have undergone little change since 1868, when Sydney Smirke built them at the back of his new, spacious galleries, which today hold the Winter Exhibition, "The Age of Charles II."

Like the Royal Academy itself the school is burdened, as well as blessed, with tradition. It has the inconvenience as well as the picturesqueness of old age. In the main sculpture room the clutter of casts from the antique—Michelangelo's *Pieta*, a Della Robbia *Virgin & Child*, a section of the Elgin Marbles among them—restrict the students' working space. As we went into this room a young man took off his jacket and hung it over a Greek Warrior. "Lord Leighton would drop down dead if he saw that," remarked Mr. Rushbury, recalling the long-dead PRA whose devotion to the classical was obsessive.

Then he indicated an anatomical figure of a crucified man hanging high on the wall and told me its grim, 150-year-old story: A president of the Academy and a scientist were arguing about whether a man could, in fact, hang nailed by his hands for a whole day as Christ did. To solve the problem they acquired the body of a newly-hanged murderer—a soldier at Chelsea Barracks who had killed his best friend. They had it flayed and nailed it to a wooden cross. The anatomical figure is a cast made from the murderer's body.

Anatomy has always been considered highly important at the school and its professors of anatomy are invariably eminent medical men. At one time the great pioneer surgeon William Hunter held the position. Today the Professor is Dr. W. J. Hamilton, M.D., D.SC., F.R.S.E.

In the long, vaulted corridor is another anatomical figure with a history. Again it is a cast taken from a dead body, this time the body of a horse. Mr. Rushbury says the horse was a charger belonging to a soldier of Wellington's day. The cast is believed to have come from the studio of the great animal painter, George Stubbs. "Old Munnings used to come and look at it for hours," Mr. Rushbury told me. "But nobody paints horses much nowadays," he added a little sadly.

The horse stands guard outside the door of the Life School, where new students spend the best part of a probationary period of three months drawing from the nude. The Life School is a unique room in which everything except the gas light fittings (which have been adapted for electric light) seems to be as it was in the 1870s. Around the models' dais a semicircular arrangement of hard benches and wooden rails, for drawing-board rests, recalls vividly Hogarth's 250-year-old painting of the Life Class at St. Martin's Lane Academy (the immediate forerunner of the Schools).

"When I became Keeper in 1949," Rushbury recalled, "the model's cubicle in each of the studios had a chamber pot in it because the models were not allowed to use the student's toilets. I took 'em all out—the pots, not the models—lined 'em all up and smashed the lot."

In the painting studio a handful of young men and a few girls (they are outnumbered almost ten to one in this school) were painting from a colourful, draped model in a gilt chair against a red background. Above the model's head hung a huge, dingy copy of Rubens's *Descent From The Cross*, made long ago by some forgotten R.A. Near her hung a small nude by Etty. "When Sickert was teaching here," said Rushbury, pointing to the Etty, "he used to tell students, '*Paint like that and you can paint like anybody*'."

Unfortunately, as Mr. Rushbury agreed when we walked in to an adjoining small studio, students at most art schools do paint like anybody—anybody but themselves. In the small studio a few senior students were working on "think pieces." One was bashing out, in a livid squashed strawberry colour, a headless, armless and legless female nude four times his own size. Another was evolving an abstraction from a naturalistic watercolour sketch. A third was carefully sticking strips of newspaper on to his canvas (in homage to Kurt Schwitters?).

Remembering the opening words of the first of Sir Joshua Reynolds's famous Discourses, "*Gentlemen, an academy in which the Polite Arts may be regularly cultivated is at last opened among us by Royal Munificence . . .*" I wondered if Sloshy Slosh (as Sir Joshua was to the students of his day) would consider these latest creations "Polite Arts."

Today there are just under 100 students. About a dozen are budding sculptors, the rest



Working in clay: a sculpture class

Backstairs at the R.A.

CONTINUED



Working in oils: girl students are a small minority



Working in wood: Patrick Russell is a sculpture gold medallist

paint. There are no architectural students at the moment and the Architectural School rooms, some of the best in the building, are being used as a store for the masses of Royal Academicians' diploma works and for students' works. This is a sore point with some of the present students. "We could use that space," said one of them. "The last two architectural students died long before we came."

There seemed to be little understanding of the school's financial set-up. One young man thought the running costs for a year must be £20,000. A second put the figure at £5,000. In fact it costs £8,000 and all of it comes from the Royal Academy (which, in turn, lives entirely on the proceeds of its exhibitions). Unlike the Royal College of Art and the Slade School, the Royal Academy Schools get not a penny of



taxpayers' money. Students pay no fees and get everything free except expendable materials, which are available at cut rates in the school shop.

Every year about 150 applicants compete for about one-sixth that number of places at the school. Most of the successful applicants live as students on grants from the local authorities of their home towns. These grants average around £4 10s. a week and out of this most of the students pay between £2 and £3 rent, and buy their own food and art materials.

"When they give the grants," one girl told me, "they don't think about things like having your shoes mended, and the soap that always seems to be used up." She pays £2 for a room in Hampstead ("It's very much a bedroom and useless to do sculpture in") and she makes £2 10s. do for everything else. In the holidays she takes a job as a chambermaid or a waitress and sometimes during term she models at other art schools. Recently her grant was cut because her father, a merchant seaman, had a small pay increase.

Most of the students admit frankly that they tried to get into the Royal College and the Slade first. Many of them remain inclined to compare their own school unfavourably with those two great "art factories," where potential teachers and industrial designers far outnumber the would-be artists-for-art's-sake. "Here," grumbled one young man, "all they want you to do is paint and draw from the antique day after day." A second complained: "Some of the old fogies upstairs (he meant the Academicians) want to close the place down." A third, wiser and older than the others, said: "There are probably far worse old fogies at the College and the Slade."

But it certainly seemed that the Keeper was right when he told me: "They think they're hard done by y'know." I am not so sure, however, that he was right when he added, "But they're not." On a budget of only £8,000 the school is, of course, a miracle. The teaching by artists like Peter Greenham, A.R.A. and Arnold Machin, R.A., is, so far as it goes, first-class. The library facilities are unique, for students have full use of the Academy's historic library.

What is lacking is a sense of practicality. In 1945, so Mr. Rushbury told me, the Royal Academy secretary of the time, Sir Walter Lamb, wanted to know why the speaking tubes at Burlington House need be changed for internal telephones!

Some of this reluctance to face the present still pervades the school. The prospectus stresses that "*the Schools are not primarily intended to train teachers.*" It might also have said that the school is not intended to give training in applied arts, but only for the fine arts—painting, sculpture and (one day again?) architecture.

What seems to me to be overlooked is that most of the students at the school, as at any art school today, are not the stuff from which pure artists are made. Most of them are bound to make a living either in industry or in commercial art, not simply because they need the money but because that is what their talents fit them for. It is therefore understandable that they should wish to do as much as possible while they are at school to equip themselves for such work.

But this would necessitate the purchase of expensive equipment, the employment of more teaching staff and the extension of the school premises. And this would demand financial subsidy from outside the Academy. Whether King George the Third would permit this I don't know. But I am pretty sure the powers that be at Burlington House would fight to maintain their splendid financial isolation. And I must say that in a way I admire them for it.





Washroom practice for the students' jazz band. Lack of space forces the rhythm section to beat among the coats

Backstairs at the R.A. CONCLUDED

Hogarth painted the life class at St. Martin's Lane Academy, the Schools' immediate predecessor, shown with a modern comparison





The T for tactics Girl



by Pamela Vandyke Price

I always find it tiresome when men make silly generalizations about women, because how *can* they tell? They spend so little time in women's company in these fish-girt islands. Anyway, they never try to find out, because every clean-limbed young Briton fancies he's conceived with a knowledge of women, wine and the offside rule. Earnest study is something to be reserved for golf, consumer motivation or books about success. And it was in just such a book that I encountered the latest provoking piece of primitive masculine thought—a vol. called *The S MAN—A Grammar Of Success*, whose author, Tom Maschler, inexplicably labels himself Mark Caine (as in Hall, does one suppose, or "Cain, mark of"?) and goes masked on the telly. But then he's still very young and perhaps he was frustrated about writing on walls when he was even younger. Now he tells the ambitious young executive: "*Roughly speaking, success and money are synonymous. . . . In the end it is money that talks loudest. When you have it, you need call no man stranger and no woman cold.*"

Left like that, his remarks may lead women to think that men are even more obvious than we already know them to be—and I shouldn't have thought that would make Mr. Maschler much of an S. Worse, men may be encouraged to go on setting about women with not only their customary slap-happy, muddling-through amateurism, but additional verve—and don't we have enough to put up with already? To take *trouble* over a woman is, for most men, an olde worlde *jeu*. Their idea of S with women is doing what comes easily, like shining at games (the team, bat and ball kind), running flashy cars, or just plain buying us things (admittedly acceptable as an opening gambit, but so *obvious*). What the simple aspiring S man doesn't realize is that the guileless-looking woman he fancies isn't just a woman—she's a T Girl. I will explain for the benefit of the little fellow.

The T girl is every girl and S to her is the Right Man. Cash, career, stocks and bonds by the sockful and various other men are only extras to having him or compensations for not having him. The human race would never have got anywhere if she had ever permitted herself to be balked by time, place, incompatibility and financial considerations in her strategical approach. The greatest help she can have is to find the right sort of T for her type. An appraisal of the main T variations for a girl may suggest a few simple lines for the naive little S man, too.

The most obvious T for a woman is to be beautiful. Men often think that to be beautiful is synonymous with S, but this is not so when a girl won't really *work* at her T. You must know how beautiful you are—right profile, never left, always drop the chin, never corrugate the maquillage with a smile, hide the morning-after saggings with sunglasses and don't dare to eat in the vicinity of a flash-gun in case it catches you with jaws acrunch and accordion-pleated wrinkles in the neck. Play your looks down like mad, tell the women's magazines there's nothing you like better than scrubbing a floor or working yourself into a clinic and world cruise via all those worthy cause committees. Organize your cosmetic supplies through any handy diplomatic bag; don't overdo the face-lifting unless a Chinese expression suits you, and the second the columnists start mentioning your wonderful bone structure instead of wonderful *you*, take up another T. Time will sharpen that profile witch-wise and the lips-so-gently-parted expression, as of one listening to angel choirs, will come to resemble a rather peevish bath-tap viewed from below.

Longer-term is the rags-to-riches T. The girl with a heart (and usually head) of gold, rises by rung on rung of tycoons who dote on "*the best little business partner in the world.*" If she can cope early on with the cash register she won't find the City page all that difficult. But . . . Cinderella didn't take the manners of the scullery to the ball, and if you start your evenings with a couple of double gins in the boudoir, you may be a bit obstreperous by the time for champers in the salon.

There's also a searching-for-peace-of-soul T, adopted by the great glamour girls who manage a piquant appeal being photographed in casual hornrims, or with a tome or two of Schopenhauer snuggled against their sables. Living it up on both higher and lower planes, they are enormously active—among their own and other people's husbands—which accounts for this type of T girl having a higher turnover of right men than any other category.

For my money, though, the most practical all-purpose T is that of the Helpless Little Woman. It's difficult to acquire, but the puling brat who's born with it has a built-in insurance policy that beats green eyes and red hair, a nice disposition, a cast-iron head for alcohol and even sex appeal. The HLW gets and *keeps* her man.

I've never quite determined whether the HLW grabs him early in her life because almost *any* man is potentially right for her, or whether some Galahad in the first flush of public-school idealism and flight from a capable mama takes pity on her and plans on doing a Pygmalion act. Anyway, when the babies come (they do early—she's *that* helpless) she needs battalions of nannies and washers-up to cope with them and she gets them, because all her efficient friends are so challenged and irritated by her helplessness that they either find copers for her or cope themselves. (They used to do her Latin prose and lend her unladdered nylons, too.) Nor can the HLW manage any entertaining, for domestic routine becomes chaos at her touch. So husband works harder and harder and either takes his friends out to smart restaurants or gets in top-flight caterers at home—important business contacts love him and say isn't HLW sweet and unaffected? She's dressed by top-flight couturiers—she would bungle making a dishcloth—and has constantly to be sent on luxury holidays because she does get so terribly tired. Her children, of course, adore her because she's too helpless ever to make them behave and always takes their side against their father. And in wars, strikes and the rush hour she will amaze everyone (except her girl friends) by shepherding her precious brood across oceans prickly with submarines, through frenzied mobs and Oxford Street Underground Station, beating off livestock, licentious natives and the workers of the world.

The one drawback to this supreme T is that the man, who not only has to work harder, but must exert charm to the utmost to get things done that madam is too helpless to accomplish, is almost bound to encounter the Other Woman. Still, the HLW needn't worry—the Other Woman is *never* an HLW. And when did you know a man leave an HLW even for the most amusing, attractive, socially dazzling and commercially valuable creature whom he may even believe to be his long-awaited heart's desire? Of course he won't. HLW will always keep him because—he thinks—she's too helpless to get on without him.

So the poor dear stiffens that upper lip and toils on. He achieves all kinds of S. And when ulcers and/or a coronary finally get him, the HLW marries his best friend and inevitably, as everyone agrees, is the making of *him*. Poor would-be S Man! To think that he should even have *believed* he was a match for a T Girl.



Capt. Ronnie Wallace, joint-Master, hunting for the fifth time that week

HEYTHROP HEYDAYS

An outing with the most-envied hunt reported by

MURIEL BOWEN *& photographed by Roger Hill*

ABOUT 170 riders rode out of the morning mist to enjoy **Lord Dulverton's** port and rich fruit cake when the Heythrop met near Moreton-in-Marsh. A big field—but then the Heythrop is in its heyday. Ever since **Capt. Ronnie Wallace** took over as joint-Master with **Lt.-Col. R. C. Barrow** and **Mrs. Duncan Mackinnon** in 1952 its reputation has grown and grown. "It's worth crossing the Atlantic just to have a couple of days with the Heythrop . . . seeing Capt. Wallace hunt hounds has been the thrill of my life." This was what Mr. Francis Greene, an American visitor, wrote to me the other day after returning home. And he knows good hunting—he hunts with the Warrenton in Virginia.

Everyone who hunts seriously wants to have at least one day of their lives with this famous Oxfordshire/Gloucestershire pack. But it isn't easy. Hunting is restricted to annual subscribers (and those who live outside the country subscribe substantially more than the rest). The only casual visitors welcomed are guests of members. If they ride hirelings the problem arises of finding one, even at 10 gns. a day. More than anything else it is a tribute to Capt. Wallace that fields remain so large. The sum total of followers for the week I was out was something in excess of 800 (though, of course, some people were out two or three times).

Batsford Park, seat of Lord Dulverton



There was a nip in the air as hounds moved off from Batsford Park, but no likelihood of frost. As one follower said to me: "See Mr. **Derby Haddon** over there? He hunts four days a week, wouldn't miss his hunting for anything, but the moment we look like being stopped by frost he's off to Chicago to do a bit of business." Banking on both sides of the Atlantic was represented by Mr. **Stuart Don** (the Chemical Bank of New York) and Mr. **Cyril Kleinwort** whose daughters, Susanna and Charlotte were also out. From the racing world there were **Brigadier Roscoe Drummond** and Mr. **Charles Toller.** Miss **Sandra Fleming,** a Constance Spry florist, was riding the only sound horse in the family stable, which meant that her father, **Major Richard Fleming** (in such smart riding breeches and stockings) had to get out his bicycle. Also taking advantage of the Saturday work break was Miss **"Ginny" Walwyn** (daughter



The Hon. Mrs. Baird, out on a new horse



Lady M. van Cutsem & Mr. Michael Downes



Lt.-Col. J. E. S. Chamberlayne, hunt secretary



of the late and famous "Taffy"), who has had great success with modelling horses in bronze. She's just done the Topham Trophy for Mrs. Mirabel Topham.

As hounds drew the first covert I chatted to Mrs. **Geoffrey Freer** (wife of the senior Jockey Club handicapper) who has been hunting sidesaddle with the Heythrop for more than 50 years. She was riding an impetuous bay, getting him ready for the point-to-points.

A great burst of music whipped out of the woods and we were off. Mrs. **Ronnie Wallace** was in the van over a ditch and wall. A queue formed behind but Mrs. Freer was having none of that and popped over an awful place farther up. The **Hon. Mrs. Schuster,** Mr. **John Barrow** (he whips in to the Eton Beagles), Mr. **Jack Dunfee** on a huge chestnut, and Miss **Sally Phipps Hornby**—a beautifully turned-out visitor from the Cowdray—followed Mrs. Wallace in quick succession. Next, a biggish post-and-rail with a hedge loomed up at the top of a ploughed field. Mr. **Eric Goudie** on his confident-looking grey was well over that and so were Mr. **Ian Williams** (he's at Cirencester Agricultural College), Mrs. **W. E. Lyon,** and Mrs. **W. K. Lowe** on an

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

HEYTHROP HEYDAYS *concluded*

attractive chestnut. Mrs. Lowe's Fox Farm is a famous meet.

The fox circled back to the Dulverton woods over some plough, some roads, and some nice stone walls. A wall with a drop caused some trouble; though **Sir Donald Anderson** sailed over it on a bay which obviously goes as well as his P. & O. ships. **Lady Rotherwick** was parted from her nice steel grey, but not for long. **Lady Margaret van Cutsem** broke a stirrup leather but **Mrs. Lawrence,** the show cob rider, quickly fitted her up with a makeshift one.

To ground and then another Dulverton fox. **Major Dermot Daly,** an outstanding horseman, kept well with hounds by taking a very big wall at an angle off the avenue. Most of the rest of us took one look, then found another place. Then a hold-up with wire which **Lt.-Col. John Chamberlayne,** the honorary secretary, got down for us—**Mrs. Bob Brooks** came along (equipped with a coil of twine) to help him put it up again. Mrs. Brooks, a pretty girl, was one of "the gateshutters of the day." Some fields on, hounds checked by a railway embankment and it was a pleasant surprise to see a goods train stop as they got near the line. "We've excellent relations with British Railways," said Col. Chamberlayne. One more thing which makes the Heythrop unique.



Miss Caroline Vachell (joint organiser of the ball with Miss Jennifer Mackinnon) and Mr. James Judd



Captain John Macdonald-Buchan and Mrs. Ian Henderson

PHOTOGRAPHS: A. V. SW[illegible]BE

The annual Hunt ball was held at the Central Flying School, Little Rissington





Countess Bunny Esterhazy and Viscount Chelsea

Mr. Jeremy Dennis and Mrs. Alastair Smith-Maxwell





E. LAMBERT

A PLAN *to put life into* CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE

by Mark Bence-Jones

LONDON is a city that amazes newcomers on two conflicting counts: the vastness of its extent and the insignificance of most of its landmarks. The famous Piccadilly, for instance—an unprepossessing thoroughfare if ever there was one. The Circus itself—a mere traffic island hemmed in by polyglot buildings. Park Lane—a clutter only made tolerable for the visitor by keeping his eyes turned resolutely towards the park side. And then the Mall, imagined by those who have only heard speak of it as a stirring processional route of royalty—but in fact a short length of parkway notable for its air of desolation.

The trouble with the Mall is Carlton House Terrace. It is the only building that gives directly on to it, and for years it has been like a dying dowager who was once a great beauty. Only one house in its whole colonnaded length is still lived in. So while one extremity breathes, the rest atrophies. The Foreign Office occupation did at least give an air of activity by day, but now the civil servants are moving out of their offices in the vast houses and the rich can't afford to move back in. Something imaginative must be done quickly before somebody starts pulling the place down.

If I were in charge of the destinies of the Terrace I would start my salvage operations along that lifeless stretch of walled-up columns that borders the Park. It has always been depressing. It is enough to cast a gloom on anybody who walks close beside it. Here is one of the most delightful and exciting sites in London and it's reserved for a row of barred windows to light boiler rooms, cellars and waste space! I would tear down the forbidding walls, liberate Nash's columns, and make an open arcade. In this I would have shops, precious

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

boutiques like in the rue de Rivoli or the place Vendôme. Architecturally it would be an improvement. The columns under the terrace *should* be open—the walling-up between has an ungainly makeshift air. The pretty nonsense of shopfronts would bring a much-needed colour and light relief. And of course the shops themselves would bring people and life.

I would continue my arcade round the ends of the two blocks of the Terrace, on either side of the Duke of York's Steps. At the top of the steps, the arcades could be joined by an open, bridge-like colonnade running right across. These side arcades might provide room for more shops; they would enable one to walk *under cover* the whole length of both blocks of the Terrace and to enter the arcade from Waterloo Place. This idea of building an arcade on three sides of the Duke of York's Steps is not as revolutionary as one might think. Nash's original plan was for the Terrace to be continued right along, with no steps at all; afterwards it was decided to make an entrance to the Park from Waterloo Place. The present blank walls on either side of the Steps have a clumsy, sawn-off appearance.

Nor would a colonnade across the Steps spoil the view of the Park from Waterloo Place. One would still see over it to the trees with pleasant glimpses of landscape framed by its columns. Indeed, Nash himself planned to frame the view with the columns of a fountain temple between the two blocks.

My covered way round the steps would be frankly modern, of the lightest reinforced concrete or of metal. They would have the effect of a pavilion or canopy, rather like the temporary buildings put up at the Abbey for the Coronation. And the light modern structure would act as a foil to Nash's monumental work, echoing the graceful Regency wrought-iron which decorated so many buildings of the period. It would be far better than trying to reproduce Nash's own style, which modern architects don't seem to be able to do without being heavy-handed. To reproduce Nash one should call in not an architect but Mr. Oliver Messel.

I would do away with the riding-path which hardly anybody uses and let cars park under the trees for the whole length of the Terrace, so that people could get to the shops. Parking under the trees brings a pleasant bustle to the Champs-Elysées, and so it would to the Mall. The shops would mostly be of the luxury sort—jewellers', fashion houses, art dealers, and so on—but I would also have groceries. A discreet supermarket would be used by workers in Whitehall, Commonwealth visitors frequenting the new centre at Marlborough House, mums in the Park and anybody else who finds himself in this part of London where the simple necessities of life are so hard to come by.

The shops would also have plenty of customers from the Terrace itself; for I would have people living in it once again. I would preserve two or three of the houses intact, as homes for the *very* rich or as embassies or clubs. Several houses together might make another much-needed hotel, rather like the Ritz in Paris. And with all the new American hotels springing up, why not a new French one for a change? I would make the rest of the building into flats, with restaurants and cafés on the ground floor, so that in summer people could eat and drink out on the Terrace. Bad as our summers may be, there are still plenty of hot evenings in London when a meal out of doors is a delight. Besides, London is short of restaurants with a view; and the Terrace is wide enough for some of the inner part to be glassed over. If this were done elegantly, it would not spoil the façade; in fact it would improve it, just as some gay striped awnings would do. The long wide terrace, which at present stretches away empty and forlorn, would be all the better for tables and coloured umbrellas. It would still remain a magnificent promenade and one could walk across my bridge over the Duke of York's Steps from one half of the Terrace to the other. All this would be quite in keeping with the building's original purpose. Nash did not build Carlton House Terrace as a monument, but as a background for rich, smart society; just the sort of people who would

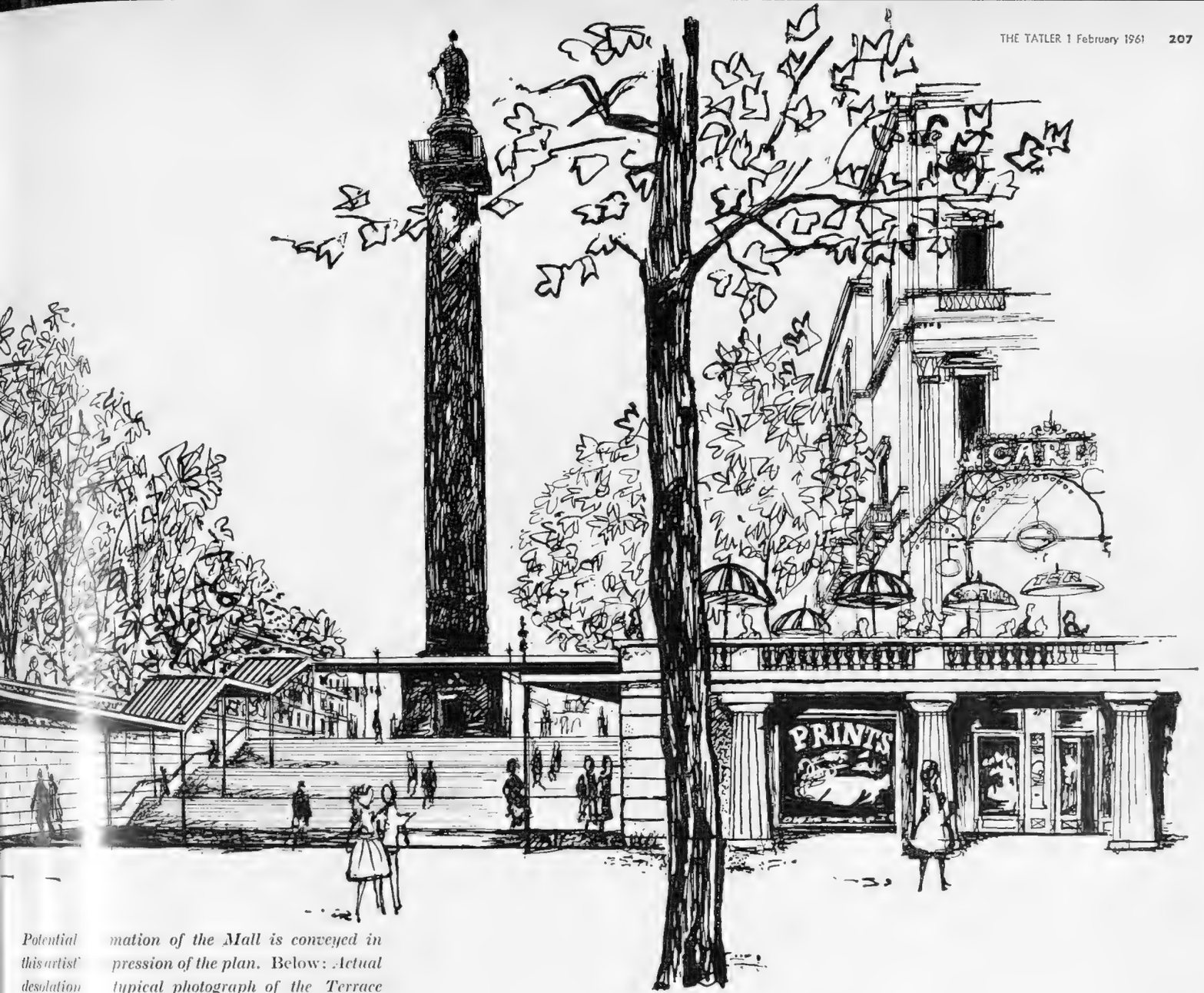


A
PLAN
to put life into
CARLTON
HOUSE
TERRACE

continued



ILLUSTRATION BY TERRI HAMATON



Potential *mation of the Mall is conveyed in this artist' pression of the plan.* Below: *Actual desolation* *typical photograph of the Terrace*



live in my flats and eat at my restaurants.

But . . . restaurants and shops in a *Royal* Park! Can I be serious? Why ever not? In other countries there are often shops in the palace itself. Even in the days of the Bourbons there were shops—and worse—in the arcades of the Palais-Royal. Florian's was in the ground floor of the Piazza in Venice even when the upper storeys were lived in by members of the Italian Royal Family. And, of course, there are countless palaces in Rome—if not royal, at any rate princely—with shops in their ground floors. With stately homes on show, what is there to be ashamed of in shops? In any case, the notion that the Royal Parks are really royal is a myth. This same nonsense was used for years to hold up road improvements that are now being carried out at last. One might just as reasonably object to shops in the Duchy of Cornwall. The Royal Family can't use the Parks and don't want to; the palaces have pleasanter gardens of their own. And the Royal Parks (like the "Royal Palace of Westminster") are operated by the Ministry of Works.

Besides, shops in Carlton House Terrace would be out of sight of the Palace; and even if the Queen *could* see them, she would probably welcome a bit of life from the Palace windows. The garden side of the Palace has ample privacy; it might be a pleasant contrast for the other side to overlook some of the ordinary busy life of the town, instead of the inanimate prospect of the Mall and a Park in which Her Majesty is almost the one person who is prevented from walking.

Here is a chance to transform two white elephants into one of the most valuable properties in London, and the Commissioners of Crown Lands are shrewd enough businessmen to appreciate it. To preserve the façade alone, as a piece of stage scenery to be admired from the Park, would be a complete waste; one must look *from* it as well as *at* it. Where is there a finer site in London? It is in the middle of everything, with a wonderful view across the Park to the towers of Westminster, a grandstand for processions along the Mall. On a summer's evening, the light on the stucco walls of the adjoining houses makes one realize what a beautiful place London can be. For 100 years the Terrace was enjoyed by the few. The question now is whether it will be enjoyed by nobody, or whether its pleasures will be put within reach of more people than have ever yet set foot on Nash's enchanted Terrace.

LORD KILBRACKEN

A ride on the blood wagon

Just a year ago, in Kitzbühel for three days, I contrived on my first day's skiing to fall heavily down a mountain, an inextricable confusion of legs and skis and ski-sticks. I managed to hobble under my own steam to the town, where they bound up my knee and provided me with a fine pair of crutches. And that was the end of my skiing.

I suppose I should have learnt my lesson. But I must be accident-prone. For here I am, in the jolting little train between Cortina and Fortezza, on my way to Munich, with my right leg firmly encased in plaster from knee to toes, and a new pair of crutches, Italian this time, on the luggage rack above me.

This year, it was rather more spectacular than last time. Let me begin by saying that I hold nothing against Cortina. I'd had six days of fine skiing, in the most perfect conditions imaginable, and six nights of dancing and general jollification in the diversity of nocturnal *rendezvous* so thoughtfully provided. Cortina is incomparable: I know nowhere with such a wonderful selection of runs, and the snow conditions, as usual in a region where the Föhn never blows, were impeccable. It wasn't Cortina's fault; it was mine entirely. I simply *must* learn to travel less quickly.

It was a wonderful day, with the temperature in the 80s, and the great crags of the Dolomites stretching their golden fingers into the deep blue sky. Immediately after breakfast, round about midday, I set forth from my hotel, the Miramonti, with its proprietor, Mr. Manaigo, and his very attractive daughter, Yvonne, on what was to be anyway my last full day in Cortina. We took the frightening cable-car up Valoria—at one point it is suspended on its fragile thread 2,000 feet, no less, above *terra* (very) *firma*—and then a series of ski-hoists and chair-lifts to a sun-filled *rifugio* almost 8,000 feet above sea level for lunch.

I felt on top of the world; and I was. I had no worries and no presentiments. But then on the way down—my last run of the season—*it* happened.

Yvonne led the way, then me, then Manaigo. Yvonne's a good skier and, moreover, her silk scarf and soft yellow curls were an effective will-o'-the-wisp to lure me on. I came halfway down safely, skiing quite reasonably, though with the usual tumbles, and then we entered a rather narrow *piste*, which ran through a great forest of larch and spruce and seemed to get steeper and steeper. Whereupon I found, though Yvonne had already rounded the next corner, that I was going faster than I really intended.

One never really knows how a skiing accident happens. This time, certainly, I was going too fast to notice; I've since tried to reconstruct it, but simply cannot calculate in retrospect just how my legs and skis—as a year ago at Kitzbühel, only worse—got into quite such a horrible tangle. I do know that it hurt like hell; that it required Manaigo, who was up with me in a moment, to extricate me from myself; and that I felt nearly certain that my right ankle was broken.

So, for the first time yet, I was a case for the blood wagon, as the dread sleigh is known on which casualties are whisked home. You lie on your back, head forwards, on the sleigh, and an intrepid guide skis recklessly down the mountainside, dragging you behind him at 100 miles an hour (or so it seems). I'd certainly never before travelled so fast over snow.

Arrived in the valley (which is still 4,000 feet above sea level), I was taken by taxi to Cortina's famous hospital, the Codivilla, which was a leading hotel (the Hotel des Alpes) till its conversion in 1921. I entrusted myself to its doctors and nurses with confidence; in the peak season, they deal with 50 or 60 broken or fractured limbs a day—four for every thousand visitors—so I knew that they would not lack experience.

In no time at all I had been X-rayed, and the happy conclusion reached that no bones were broken. However, in 40 minutes, my ankle had swollen to the size of a young orange (and had something of the same texture). It was, said the serious young doctor, *penibilimente torto*, or something similar, and my leg from the knee down would have to be in plaster for the next 15 days. This would effectively prevent me from (*a*) skiing, (*b*) dancing, (*c*) walking—except in a series of ludicrous and humiliating hops—and (*d*) doing just about anything else.

"It is your sentence," said the doctor with a happy smile. I resigned myself to serving it.

I've only served a day of it at the moment of writing. My disability, I've found, is restricting but it isn't going to stop me getting to Munich this evening, where I have business to transact, nor, I hope, to Freiburg tomorrow, where I have more. (Since I started writing these words, I have descended with some difficulty from a slow local train, consumed two steaming tea-and-rums with lemon at Fortezza, and boarded with rather greater difficulty the Alpen-Express, which, I discover, connects Rome with Copenhagen, by way of places like Vienna and Innsbruck and Hamburg, in 35 hours. We are now, apparently, crossing the Brenner Pass; Munich is four hours away.) And I'm sitting, I've just noticed, in a *posto riservato agli invalidi di guerra e del lavoro*—with no little justification, I feel.

I suppose that's the way I should regard it—as an occupational hazard. And, of course, it has its compensations. I find everyone so friendly and helpful—even the customs officers—that I feel I should make a habit of it. Come to think of it, that's just what I *have* done. I wonder just where I'll smash myself up *next* year.

TAILORMADE:
the shapes of Spring to come





Soon now the new spring ready-to-wear coats and suits will be on sale. Their shapes have been determined by the toiles which the cutter translates, their prices by the quality of the cloth and the amount of work that goes into making up. For off-the-peg tailormades from the top wholesale workrooms—as these behind-the-scenes pictures show—get the same kind of skilled craftsmanship that goes into the more expensive made-to-measure clothes. And with modern sizing, again dependent on the art of the cutter, the buyer can be just as certain of the fit

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NORMAN EALES

BLACK and white French tweed makes a coat from Berg of Mayfair's spring collection seen (*left*) against a stockpile of furs in the firm's Oxford Street workrooms, where all the pictures were taken. The furs are for next autumn's coats—the wholesale trade buys six months ahead. The coat costs 34 gns. from Harvey Nichols, S.W.1; Daly's, Glasgow; Vogue, Cambridge. Henry Heath's tall white straw panama obtainable from Liberty, W.1; Denners of Yeovil; price: £2 16s. 11d.

Top: White-speckled charcoal tweed suit by Sylvia Mills has a black half-leather front belt and buttons. It costs 36 gns. at Harvey Nichols, S.W.1; Nola Gowns, Chester; all branches of Cresta Silks. Henry Heath hat costs 4 gns. from Liberty, W.1; Cavendish House, Cheltenham. Group at the cutting table shows that tailoring remains a predominantly male profession. Highest-paid is the cutter who must translate a complicated toile from a French, Italian or Spanish couturier into a pattern that will conform accurately to a whole range of stock sizes



SPRING
SHAPES
continued



The cut & the fit

CLASS Prince of Wales check coat (*opposite page*) shown with its toning straight s irt is made by Windsmoor and can be bought from Selfridges, W.1; Din es, Plymouth; Hammonds, Hull; price: 15 gns. Stone felt hat by Henr Heath costs £4 14s. 6d. from Woollands, S.W.1; William Henders Liverpool. Top price models are cut individually with shears and che r garments in batches of 10 or 12 by an electric machine.

Above ri : Cardigan suit in wistaria wool and matching coat, both edged wi toning petersham, are made by Mornessa. The coat costs 12 gns., e suit 9 gns. from Harrods, S.W.1; William Henderson, Liverpool; John Yeo, Plymouth. White felt hat by Henry Heath costs 4 gns. from Liberty, W.1; Cavendish House, Cheltenham. Cloths on the shelves are for the autumn collections and mostly Continental.

Checked Scottish tweed in tan and white is used for a Harry B. Popper suit which has a brief jacket with a slot-through fringed tie at the neckline. It costs 29 gns. at Cresta Silks, W.1; Nola Gowns, Chester; William Henderson, Liverpool. Henry Heath cloche hat in stone felt from Liberty, W.1; Harvey's, Guildford; price: £2 19s. 11d. On the stands are garments machine-sewn after cutting and ready to be checked by the workroom head, Antonio Cocca from Rome, known as the Pivot.



CONFIDENT suit of Otterburn check tweed in green and white is made by Moore & Southcott and can be bought from Gorringes, S.W.1; Mary Lee, Tunbridge Wells; Hubbards, Worthing; price: about 20 gns. The shady hat in lime green is by Henry Heath and obtainable from Liberty, W.1; Cavendish House, Cheltenham; price: 6½ gns. Background is the "felling" table where each garment is finished by hand. Seamstresses here are sewing buttons to coat linings in the final stages of manufacture

CRISPLY tailored in a dog's tooth check, the suit (*opposite*) by Frederick Starke with its loose-tied jacket can be bought in several colours at Simpson, Piccadilly, W.1; Daly's, Glasgow; Renée Meneely, Belfast; price: about £29. Mustard felt hat by Henry Heath is at Liberty, W.1; Colsons, Exeter; price: £2 16s. 11d. Spring shapes like this suit have been steam-pressed at every stage of manufacture by powerful machines. Without them the best of tailoring would fail



SPRING SHAPES *continued*

The felling & fixing







DOVE grey worsted makes the Matita suit (*opposite*) worn with a detachable scarf of pale grey and striped silk that matches the blouse under the lined jacket. Suit and scarf obtainable at Woollands, S.W.1; Rosetta, Bristol; John Moses, Newcastle-on-Tyne; price: 40 gns. The Henry Heath hat is at Liberty, W.1; Denners of Yeovil; price: £2 16s. 11d. Berg's use many foreign cloths. "*They have better colour blends and if we buy in sufficient quantity we can be sure of exclusivity,*" says their buyer. "*We buy an enormous amount of English cloth too, but as some of our materials cost £6-£7 a yard trade price we have to offer our customers something they won't see all over the place.*"

SPRING SHAPES *concluded*

The fabric & the finish

DOUBLE-BREASTED coat in llama by Kashmoor costs 16 gns. at Dickins & Jones, W.1; Marshall & Snelgrove, Birmingham; Darlings, Edinburgh. Silk scarf is by Ascher. Two-thirds of the skill that goes into making coats lies beneath their outward appearance. Every tailormade is built on a canvas foundation and the setting in of this skeleton is one of the most exacting jobs in a tailoring workroom. It's the guarantee too of clothes that will last and never lose shape.



NAVY blue and white check coat is made by Jaeger and can be bought from the Jaeger Boutique, Regent Street, W.1, and other Jaeger branches all over the country. It costs 27½ gns. and there is also a matching skirt (not shown) costing 7 gns. High felt hat by Henry Heath costs £2 19s. 11d. from Liberty, W.1; Denners of Yeovil. Modern tailormades are distinguished by their superb hand finish. Notable are the Cardin suits made by Berg under licence and selling at from £21-£30.





A WEDDING IN THE COUNTRY...

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VAN HALLAN

. . . for Miss Christine Elizabeth Stucley, daughter of Sir Dennis & the Hon. Lady Stucley, seen (*above* & *right*) with her bridegroom the Hon. David Cobbold, son of Lord & Lady Cobbold of Knebworth. After the ceremony at St. Nectan's Church, Hartland, North Devon, guests drove to a reception at Hartland Abbey, the bride's nearby home

Sir Dennis Stucley, Bt., & the Hon. Lady Stucley, with Lord & Lady Cobbold of Knebworth









The Earl of Erne was best man. He lives at Crom Castle, Newtown Butler, Co. Fermanagh



The Earl of Eldon with his adopted daughter, Lucy Scott



Bridesmaids Miss Sabrina Longland, Miss Sally Stucley (the bride's sister), Miss Margarita and Miss Natalia Jimenez and Miss Betka Zamoyska (the bride's cousin)

Lady Tessa Onslow, only daughter of the Earl of Onslow





Right: *Rose petals fly as the couple leave the reception*

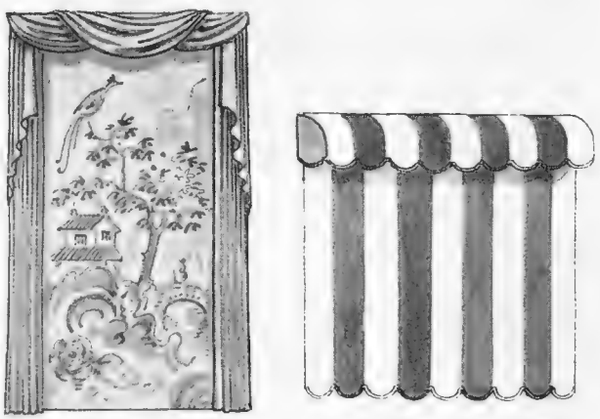
COUNTER SPY

ESPIONAGE: MINETTE SHEPARD
DIAGRAMS: GORDON DAVIES

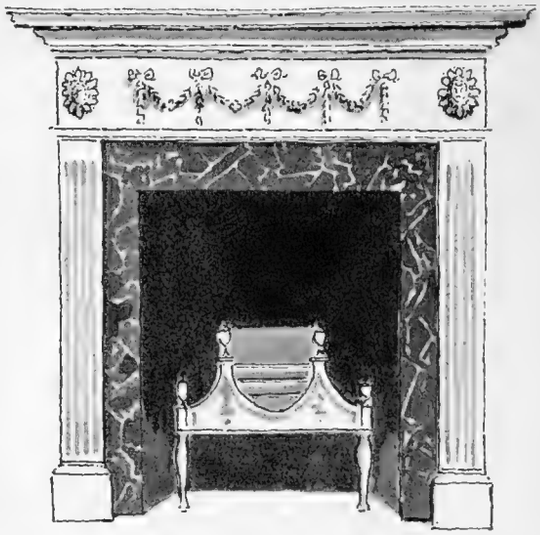
Additions to décor



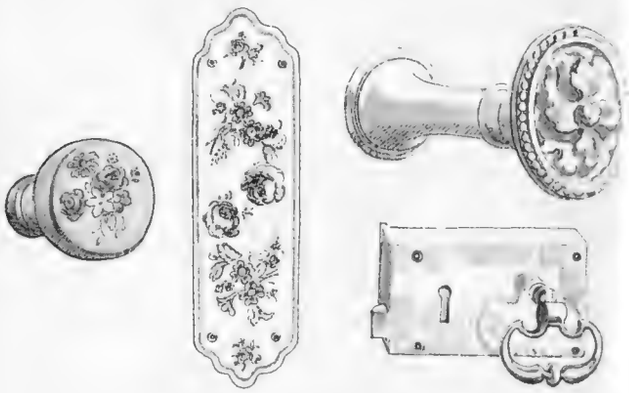
MODERN LIGHTING *from antique lamps is the speciality of* **Nita Miller,** 63*a Grosvenor Street, who also offers hand-made, lined lampshades as well as a large selection of lamps. Figurines can be taken there for expert advice on conversion and onyx or marble pedestals are available.* Left: *The antique Dresden figurine oil lamp converted to electricity has a white chiffon shade smocked in pink to match lining:* 11 *gns.* Right: *Chinese porcelain vase has a pleated drum shade with a Chinese embroidery panel:* 12 *gns. Shades cost from about* 52*s.* 6*d.; lamps from about* 6 *gns. Orders can be completed overnight, but Nita Miller likes about* 10 *days.*



PROBLEM WINDOWS *can benefit from some original ideas on blinds from* **Jane Palmer** *and her partner at* 22 *Old Church Street, S.W.*3*, who will tackle anything from covering one cushion to redecorating a mansion.* Left: *Dazzling suggestion for a long window using swagging of soft silk tones with a hand-painted blind in Chinese silk that becomes a delicate picture when pulled down.* Right: *Gay striped chintz with a scalloped awning for a kitchen. Chintz blinds can be framed with a plain or matching* lambrequin *set into the window to look equally pretty during the day. Blinds from* 5 *gns.;* lambrequins *extra.*



ADAM CHIMNEYPIECES *like this one in carved pine come from* **Halliday's** *of Beauchamp Place. The free-standing models have boxed-in reeded asbestos lining for electric fires—with marble as an extra if required—their fireplaces are just attached to the wall and can be removed easily. This one, with a marble frame for the open fire, is* £42. *Others range from* £15 10*s. to* £55. *Estimates are given for fireplaces, cupboards and even whole libraries.*



DOOR FURNITURE *comes from a fine selection of hand-painted items at* **Elizabeth Eaton,** 25*a Basil Street, S.W.*3. *Examples shown include a door knob and finger plate painted with nosegays of flowers in several colours, each* 25*s. white, reinforced plaster curtain tie-back,* 4 *gns. a pair. Polished and lacquered curtain rods and bamboo ones are also available to order. Designs are mostly in the French style. Ideas of English origin are at* **The Portmeiron Shop,** 7 *Pont Street, S.W.*1*, where the solid, square Georgian brass lock with key and drop handle is available to order for about* £4 10*s. each.*

Intelligence Report

Old wooden floors can be completely renovated by the **Ronuk Floor Service Department,** 16 South Molton Street, who have branches all over the country. A new sandpapering machine that cuts out dust and mess prepares the surface for dyeing (if necessary) and polishing. Various finishes are available and the time taken varies from three days to a week, depending on the area of floor. Much of the work is done by hand. Before work begins the floor is surveyed by a Ronuk expert and an estimate prepared. Price is approximately 10s. per square yard, for the full service.



VERDICTS

The play

The Importance Of Being Oscar. Royal Court Theatre. (Micheal Mac Liammoir.)

The film

Midnight [illegible]**ce.** Director David Miller. ([illegible]ris Day, Rex Harrison, John Ga[illegible] Myrna Loy, Natasha Parry.)

The Grea[illegible]**postor.** Director Robert M[illegible]gan. (Tony Curtis, Edmond [illegible]rien, Arthur O'Connel[illegible]aymond Massey, Karl Mal[illegible])

The Hole [illegible]irector Jacques Becker. [illegible]mond Meunier, Philipe B[illegible]l, Jean Keraudy, Michel C[illegible]ntin, Marc Michel.)

Les Misto[illegible]Director Francois Truffaut. [illegible]nadette Lafont, Gerard B[illegible]

The book

A Burnt-o[illegible]**ase,** by Graham Greene. ([illegible]emann, 16s.)

The Ha Ha[illegible]: Jennifer Dawson. (Blond, 15[illegible].

Mistress Of[illegible]**llyn,** by Victoria Holt. (Coll[illegible]. 16s.)

The House Of Five Talents, by Louis Auchincloss. (Gollancz, 18s.)

The records

Thesaurus Of Classic Jazz.

The galleries

American Art, 1815-1865. U.S. Embassy.

ANTHONY COOKMAN ON PLAYS

An evening with Oscar

MR. MICHEAL MAC LIAMMOIR, Ireland's leading actor, has brought **The Importance of Being Oscar** back to London, this time to the Royal Court Theatre. Those who missed this choice entertainment in the autumn are given a second chance which they will be well advised to take.

The period is singularly rich in one-man shows that rise easily above the second-rateness associated with this sort of enterprise in pre-Ruth Draper days. There is nothing of the flashy *tour-de-force* in Sir John Gielgud's Shakespeare recitals, in Mr. Emlyn Williams's appearances as Dickens at his platform reading desk, or in Mr. Hal Johnson's impersonation of Mark Twain lecturing. These are completely considered performances which have held audiences all over the world spellbound, and Mr. Mac Liammoir's stage biography of Oscar Wilde belongs to the same class.

Mr. Nigel Dennis has chaffed modern playwrights for doing all that they possibly can to make people in the auditorium feel that those who are on the stage, even though given the names of great historical personages, are as frankly people as they are themselves. The play may be set far back in the pre-democratic past, but the actors following the author's lead must be careful to see that even in the case of the leading characters old-fashioned clothing shall not disguise the fact that 1961 predicaments are being coped with in a recognizable 1961 style.

It is pleasant to suppose that at least some of our actors see through and secretly resent what Mr. Dennis calls the pre-democratic fallacy and that, wishing to present highly exceptional people in the grand style suited to their importance, themselves turn stage biographers and choose some hero—a Dickens, a Mark Twain or an Oscar Wilde—who can be presented against the background of his period with all proper heroic circumstance.

That, at any rate, is what Mr. Mac Liammoir does with Wilde. It is obvious that he has read every word that Wilde ever wrote and a considerable number of all the words that have been written about Wilde. He is completely soaked in his subject. He makes no unnecessary attempt at impersonation. Wearing a modern dinner jacket, alone on the stage with very few properties—a desk, a decanter of sherry, a *chaise longue*, a green carnation—he uses a rich and sensitive voice with its light brogue and perfect clarity to weave out of poems and prose, epigrams and scraps of conversation the pattern of a life that began with gay Irish irresponsibility, produced at least one work of undoubted genius, and toppled from the heights of social success into the depths.

Mr. Mac Liammoir, it may be, slightly exaggerates the literary value of *De Profundis*. We may think so and yet perhaps hold that this strange document is at least sincere in the hope of sincerity and in the belief that its author has indeed come by a new humility. In any case, Mr. Mac Liammoir makes good his interpretation by reading the relevant passages in a voice which has suddenly taken wing. He does the same, and possibly in a better cause, with *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*, discovering all the poignancy of the simple and surely heartfelt verses.

The strength of the actor's portraiture consists, after all, in the imaginative sympathy shown to Wilde in all the phases of his development. He enjoys the lily and sunflower period that Gilbert satirized as much as he enjoys Wilde's emergence from the aestheticism that brought him easy publicity into the essays and plays that gradually revealed him as a







CORNEL LUCAS

TALKING HANDS *of Micheal Mac Liammoir in silhouette at the Royal Court project the changing moods of Wilde*

serious artist. His enjoyment leads him, I think, to give us rather too much of the sickly story of *Dorian Gray* and it is perhaps a mistake also to act a little scene from *The Importance of Being Earnest*, for the scene he chooses is dominated for us by the unforgettable and inimitable voice of Dame Edith Evans's Lady Bracknell. Otherwise he brings his hero to the climax of his worldly future and swiftly down into the disgrace that was to last his lifetime in a way that is at once amusing and movingly dramatic.

It may be argued that since the facts of Wilde's life are so familiar, less time might have been spent on them and given to passages from some of the brilliant pages of *Intentions* and to some of the lesser-known poems and stories. But Mr. Mac Liammoir sees Wilde whole and he must be allowed to convey his formal vision as best he may. Additional touches are easy to suggest, but the portrait would not be the portrait that Mr. Mac Liammoir has drawn; and that as it stands, is a considerable achievement.





THAT BLUNT INSTRUMENT *the telephone gives* Doris Day (top), *harassed heroine of* Midnight Lace, *a shocking blow to the sensibilities.* Above: *Husband* Rex Harrison *helps her plan a trip to Italy, to stop her brooding on the narrow escapes from death that always follow the telephoned threats*

ELSPETH GRANT ON FILMS

Too much fog by half

IF THE SWAGGERING OPULENCE OF **Midnight Lace** does not get you, the impudence will. This is not exactly a who-dun-it—it's more of a who's-*going*-to-do-it: your task, and Scotland Yard's is to spot the *potential* murderer. Snooks are cocked at the audience's intelligence in the most barefaced way and the whole thing reeks of red herrings—but if some of the director's tricks are decidedly shabby, at least the milieu in which he plays them is sumptuous: luxury apartments are lived in, couture clothes are worn, champagne is freely swigged and nobody travels with fewer than 20 pieces of luggage. As an American colleague remarked, "It sure is elegant."

Miss Doris Day, as Mrs. Preston, the rich American wife of a British financier (Mr. Rex Harrison) living in London, is tripping homeward through "the park" in a thick fog when the clipped, high-pitched voice of an unseen man calls her by name and promises her she will be murdered before the month is out. Mr. Harrison, to whom she pants out her story, laughs it off: somebody, he says, is pulling her leg. The fog, he claims, brings out the practical joker in every Londoner—and she'll see, next day there'll be a bedpan on the top of Nelson's column in Trafalgar Square.

Well, next day there isn't—but, anyway, Nelson has been painted pink and Miss Day takes this as proof enough that Mr. Harrison is right: the threat was just a joke. Her confidence is somewhat shaken when a steel girder from the building that is going up next door to her block of flats crashes to the pavement at the exact spot where she would have been standing had not the contractor (Mr. John Gavin) shoved her aside, with great presence of mind.

Totally unnerved, Miss Day totters into her flat. The telephone rings—and there's that peculiar voice again, assuring her that she's going to be killed. Miss Day gives a fine display of hysterics. To soothe her, Mr. Harrison takes her to Scotland Yard, where a crisp Inspector (Mr. John Williams, well remembered from *Dial M for Murder*) listens attentively to her story. He is moderately sympathetic—but one gathers he suspects Miss Day has made it all up because her busy husband has not been paying her enough attention: it appears neglected wives go in for this sort of thing.

Mr. Williams is being grossly unfair to Miss Day. The telephone calls continue (though admittedly nobody but Miss Day ever hears them) and, to fray her nerves still further, the poor girl is one day trapped in a lift, and the next, pushed down in the path of an oncoming bus. Who can it be that's after her life?

Certainly not her lovin[g] aunt, delicious Miss Myrna Loy. Perhaps Mr. Gavin, whose manner is a bit odd at times—or Miss Day's charwoman's slimy son (Mr. Roddy McDowall), who is not above demanding money with menaces. Or Mr. Herbert Marshall, Mr. Harrison's hard-up colleague—or that seedy individual (Mr. Anthony Dawson) who is always hanging about the Preston residence or, for that matter, Miss Day's neighbour, Miss Natasha Parry, who is too smooth by half.

I identified the villain before the film had well begun—and probably you will, too: you only have to think of *Gaslight*. Mr. David Miller, though no Hitchcock, is a slick director who cheats with effrontery—and as everybody acts up like fun and, as I have said, the settings are agreeably lush, I dare say you won't at all mind being taken for a 108-minute ride.

If I understood aright, Mr. Ferdinand Waldo Demara, Jr., the hero of **The Great Impostor,** is a real person who has already, under a variety of aliases, led a number of different lives—and is still blithely at it: he is probably posing as the head of the F.B.I. or Mr. John Kennedy's uncle at this minute.

Mr. Tony Curtis, self-confident in rather a putting-off way, plays the brash and versatile Mr. Demara.

We see him as a frustrated soldier, then as a thwarted Marine. He deserts to become a novice in an austere religious order but runs off because of the starvation rations, is picked up by the Marines and jailed. With the knowledge gleaned in jug he presents himself to the governor of a State Penitentiary as a psychiatrist—and successfully copes with dangerous criminals, to everybody's admiration, until his past catches up with him.

He next turns up as a medico in the Canadian Navy—and, with no surgical training, performs a series of dazzling operations on Korean troops in the Korean War. When exposed as a phoney, he disappears—and is next seen as a schoolteacher, lovingly dedicated to his little pupils. The weakness of the film lies in the fact that Mr. Demara is made to seem essentially a selfless do-gooder: impostors, in my experience, are never quite that.

In M. Jacques Becker's enthralling film, **The Hole** (*Le Trou*), five convicts plan a prison break. Four of them are old cell mates, the fifth is a newcomer (M. Marc Michel) whom they are compelled to take on trust. The solidarity of the four impresses M. Michel—he shares enthusiastically in their project. They dig through the floor of their cell to the prison cellars, penetrate into the sewers and tunnel through a wall towards freedom. Their ingenuity, patience and endurance are such that one prays nothing will happen to prevent their escaping—but something does, and it comes like a blow in the face. The acting is superb, the direction impeccable.

Les Mistons is of interest since it is the first film made by M. François Truffaut. The sensitivity, the profound understanding of the child mind which marked his second film, *The 400 Blows*, are touchingly evident in this brief study of the reaction of five small French boys to the approach of adolescence, their dawning awareness of sex and their bewilderment at the behaviour of a pair of young lovers. It is a beautiful little work.

GERALD LASCELLES ON RECORDS

The saga of white jazz

IN THESE ENLIGHTENED DAYS OF dawning inter-racial understanding it may seem odd that I define a particular phase in the development of jazz as being "white." But what we forget is that 40 years ago the jazz idiom was almost entirely the prerogative of the Negro race in America. Only a handful of European musicians such as the Original Dixieland Jazz Band were playing even a remote approximation of the music that stemmed from the Southern States of America.

The music disseminated from New Orleans by the ODJB made its impression on many white musicians in scattered parts of America, and by a stroke of fate they seemed to come together either in Chicago, where the best jazz was to be heard after the exodus from the South in the early twenties, or in New York, which had become the centre of the American entertainment business and was also, by that time, the principal scene of recording activity.

The **Thesaurus of Classic Jazz** has just been issued by Philips in four volumes (BBL7431-4) to preserve a cross-section of the important contributions made by these bold pioneers. In this era social and political restrictions made it impracticable for white and Negro musicians to work in the same group, even in the northern sectors of America. There was fortunately no embargo on white musicians listening to their Negro counterparts, and Benny Goodman relates that he would frequently visit the Negro district of Chicago in his boyhood to hear his idol, clarinettist Johnny Dodds. So it came about that a minority of white jazzmen grew up, listening, copying and developing their own styles as the opportunity arose.

The Dorsey brothers, Jimmy on alto, Tommy on trombone, were early arrivals in New York—they first worked there with a big band called the California Ramblers. Red Nichols, famous cornet player of the pre-Beiderbecke period, also worked for the Ramblers before launching out on his own with the Five Pennies. But few people could make a living out of playing jazz, even in the "Roaring Twenties," when speakeasies were to be found on every block of the big cities, and half the population seemed to be engaged in abetting the other half to break the law.

Many of the great instrumentalists, like Beiderbecke and Frank Trumbauer, who persisted in playing C-melody when everyone else was turning to the more accepted alto and tenor saxophones, found regular work with Paul Whiteman. His concert versions of jazz and show tunes provided popular entertainment for the millions, but it is questionable whether he did much to advance the cause of jazz as music in its own right.

I recall an animated discussion with Duke Ellington and certain other famous jazzmen who were active in New York at the time. Duke held that the Whiteman set-up did untold good for jazz, not so much in giving employment to significant white players, but in training them to improvise over an orchestrated background such as he himself has used as long as Whiteman.

Others taking part in the discussion felt that Whiteman plagiarized jazz, and held back the great soloists he employed. As all these things happened shortly after I was born, I preserved a dignified silence, but my added comments are that recorded examples from the period under discussion show no evidence that the jazzmen would not have developed as well without the influence of Whiteman as an enterprising employer.

Other important white musicians included in this vast selection are trombonist Miff Mole, clarinettist Pee-Wee Russell, violinist Joe Venuti, guitarist Eddie Lang, clarinettist/arranger Fud Livingston, and pianists Arthur Schutt and Frank Signorelli. Volume 4 presents the rarest pieces, few of which have been available in this country in any form. One side is devoted to *The Redheads*, and the reverse to *The Arkansas Travellers*, both of which are groups led by Red Nichols.

Academically this music sounds dated, but it goes far towards explaining the fundamental differences between the Negro and white approaches to jazz at a vital period in the music's development. Having been a jazz collector for nearly 20 years, I find it significant that nearly two-thirds of the pieces included in the Thesaurus are already in my shelves. I suspect that is because they stand the test of time!

SIRIOL HUGH-JONES ON BOOKS

Mr. Greene sinks his teeth in

ONE OF THE RUMMEST THINGS ABOUT the novels of Graham Greene is that we've heard it all before, yet like children avidly listening for the umpteenth time to the story of Cinderella, we are hypnotized from start to finish. There'll be the faceless hero with the petrified heart who by some stroke of irony manages to slip in a plea for mercy between the stirrup and the ground. There'll be the frightful discomfort of the setting, and there'll be the priest who says things so unexpected as to make a simple Protestant scalp creep (and maybe,



for all I know, a simple Roman Catholic scalp even more so).

And there'll be that beautiful, easy, immediately identifiable style —to which the dear old fashion-copy word uncluttered really does apply —that sinks its teeth into you at the first sentence and quietly never lets go.

The new Greene, since that's how one thinks of it, is called **A Burnt-Out Case** and concerns a sanctuary-seeker, a man who has been a glittering success at everything, mostly building churches and winning women, and on whom love, faith and success have died. Without any planned destination he arrives at the end of the line, which happens to be a leper colony in the Belgian Congo. His public image is ferreted out and attempts are made to fit it back on to him. We know exactly how it will end, since we are in that familiar territory, but the paths are different and anyway it doesn't matter that we know.

Even the elements that faintly bother one by being too easy, too heavily underlined—the church-building that has become meaningless, the spiritual leper going to ground in the leper village—don't matter. This is Greene, take it or leave it, and how anyone could leave it is inconceivable. We are back in that climate of calmly desperate, frequently cheerful and always enormously intelligent misery, and it expands the lungs like the highest quality ozone. I found this a masterly and superb novel, and so far even Virus X hasn't been harder to shake off.

From leprosy of the soul to schizophrenia in one light-hearted step takes me to another novel, a first, that seemed to me remarkable. It is **The Ha Ha,** a title with a double edge. Cool, short, tender and occasionally as prettily ruthless as the impact of a stiletto heel, it is a pared-down little story about a girl in the grip of severe mental disorder brought to a crisis by a brief love-affair in the grounds of the mental hospital itself. Nervous collapses are now common coin in fiction, but this is freshly done and twice as alarming because everything is implied rather than explicit, and the girl's wits, though wandering, are still a good deal sharper than the average heroine's. The author is Jennifer Dawson, the book makes a wholly individual sound, and succeeds in creating immediate sympathy in the reader without ever throbbing once.

You'd think *Jane Eyre*, not to mention *Rebecca*, had put paid for keeps to the plot about the little governess-mouse with the lion's heart who arrives at the imposing mansion to find the place haunted by the memory of the moody Master's beautiful and mysterious first wife, now dead, or possibly not dead, or locked up raving in the boot cupboard or who knows what.

Not a bit of it. Here is **Mistress Of Mellyn,** by the pseudonymous Victoria Holt, that's been coming my way steadily in weekly instalments in a French magazine where they call it *La Châtelaine de Mont Mellyn* and say it reminds *them* of *Wuthering Heights*. The setting is novelist's Cornwall at its broodiest and most pulsating, the rakehelly, insulting, he-kissed-me-as-I-had-never-been-kissed hero is called Con TreMellyn, the heroine has amber eyes, there's a wilful neglected daughter and a beautiful half-wit and a scheming Other Woman for good measure. They were tough tigerish girls, those tiny governesses in their brown merino and their bonnets, taking any number of screams in the night in their stride and trembling only when the haughty employer crushes them unexpectedly to his breast. Evidently we haven't seen the last of them yet.

Louis Auchinloss's **The House Of Five Talents** is one of those great big persuasive panoramic novels about three generations of a colossally rich American family, narrated by emotional Augusta who never married but helped her ruthless mamma collect art all over the world. It's soothing and needs no effort, like drowning with no pain under waves of Forsytes. Auchinloss has been so acclaimed I am timid of whispering that it still seems to me like ladies' mag. stuff of the best grade.

ROBERT WRAIGHT ON GALLERIES

The covered wagon artists

FOR YEARS I HAVE BEEN INTRIGUED by a reproduction of a strange, haunting picture called *Meditation by the sea*. For years I have meditated (without any hope of satisfaction) on the problem of what the lonely little man on its Dali-like seashore could be meditating.

Now, suddenly, I find that the little man—together with the mechanical waves, the cotton-wool clouds and the carefully-placed rocks—is here, in Grosvenor Square. And though I am still no nearer learning his secret it is satisfying to have, at last, met him in the paint, so to speak.

Meditation by the sea is the work of that ubiquitous artist "Anonymous," an artist who, judging by the size of the part he and/or she plays in the history of American art of the period, must have spent most of the 19th century on the western side of the Atlantic.

There are six of his/her works among the pictures from the M. & M. Karolik Collection now on show (entrance and illustrated catalogue free) at the new United States Embassy. For me the exhibition comes as if in answer to a prayer for, in reviewing the Whitney pictures at the Tate recently, I deplored the general ignorance (and my own in particular) of 19th-century American painting.

Maxim Karolik (the other "M." is presumably his wife Martha) seems to have made a habit of giving magnificent collections of paintings to the nation which took him in when he arrived from Russia in 1922. The 48 pictures in the present exhibition are only a small part of a collection of American paintings 1815-1865 from the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, to which he also gave his unrivalled collection of 18th-century American paintings.

Until Karolik made his second collection, the 50 years between 1815 and 1865 were dismissed as a regrettable hiatus in the development of art in America. Between J. S. Copley and Benjamin West, on the one hand, and Winslow Homer and Thomas Eakins, on the other, there seemed hardly a name worth remembering. Now that period, though by no means a great one, can be seen to have been a fascinating and exploratory one.

Here were the belated beginnings and the growth of American landscape and *genre* paintings. Artists moving in the wake, and sometimes in the van, of the pioneers and prospectors opened up the country with their brushes. In view of the prevailing spirit of adventurous optimism it is not surprising that landscapists like Thomas Cole, who founded the Hudson River school, and Albert Bierstadt, who pushed the artists' frontier into the Rockies and Indian country, tended to idealize their subjects.

Technically the landscape painters of the period completely outshone the *genre* painters, whose work is consequently of historic rather than artistic merit. But so far as this exhibition is concerned both groups are eclipsed by the "primitives," anonymous and named.

Often these artists, turning their innocent eyes on the life around them, are more revealing than the sophisticated and academic painters. Often they are themselves extremely accomplished painters who have never lost the ingenuous vision of children.

James Bard, for instance, spent 70 years of his life drawing and painting the steamers in the port of New York, showing them broadside on in minute detail and manning them with little men whose arms, if ever straightened, would reach to their ankles.

In his *Garden of Eden*, where Eve appears to be picking a tomato from the Tree of Knowledge, Erasmus Salisbury Field painted Rousseau-like animals, probably before the Douanier and certainly without any knowledge of his existence.

But most spectacular of these primitives is James Hop[illegible], who would turn over in his grave if he heard himself called a "primitive." Yet how else can you describe a contemporary of the Impressionists who, in *The Army of the Potomac*, paints every one of 10,0[illegible] tents separately, and in a vast panoramic view of Vermont puts a driver and fireman in a railway engine three-sixteenths of an inch high?

This is a show in which every picture not only tells a story but also prompts at least one question. How, for instance, did our friend "Anonymous" painting *Tomatoes, fruit and flowers* in 1850, come to forestall Matisse in one corner? Did Grandma Moses get her inspiration from the nameless author of *Judd's House, Southold, Long Island?* And, oh dear, did that covered wagon in Bierstadt's *The ambush* get away from the Indians? I shan't stop worrying until I know.



Meditation by the sea, *from the exhibition at the U.S. Embassy*

GOOD LOOKS
BY
ELIZABETH
WILLIAMSON

skin and hair hit new depths



JOHN COLE

NEW DEPTHS: *in hair with French of London's deep fringe. On skin with Revlon's 3-D Ultima*

COLOUR has caught up with make-up and brought a new depth. The newest way to choose a foundation is geared to the colour of your clothes. Imagine a blue, blue dress and a skin just touched with a translucent film of bluey tinge. No? Well, there are still many possibilities for the not-so-daring. There's Rosetta Peach, which is perfect with a pink and peachy skin. And the biggest lure of the new foundations is that they don't cloak the natural glow of the skin. Silky and slightly shiny, they glide on, giving a thin-spun film. If you want to have a skin like a dew-dredged petal, there's Aquafleur, Apricotta, Pinkessence—to note only three. These are all Illusion Tints, which means they add definite surface colour to the skin and this acts as a veil—rather like a third dimension. Illusion Tints are paired with matching powder but most people will use them under the powder they use by day. The less experimental colours—Alabaster, Camelia, Aurora Beige Complexion Tints—are still devastatingly different in effect. By day, the face looks as if it's got built-in sheen. By night the foundations give greater luminosity and seem to project the features.

But the advantages of Ultima aren't all superficial; it is basically a nutrient foundation. Used intelligently, it shields structural faults too. Taupesque will minimize where the face is heavy, Aquafleur shades a skin with too much red in it, Rosetta Peach makes a sallow skin sunny.

The Ultima lipsticks verge on pretty, but deepish shades—like Castillian Gold, Port au Pink and Bimini Coral.

Note for collectors: Ultima Collection by Revlon goes on sale later this month at 12 key stores; it's now at Harrods, and in early summer will be on general release.

COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY

Albert Adair

Pottery from Turkey



THE NATIVE ART OF TURKEY IS TOO little known in this country. It is, of course, Oriental and Islamic in origin and probably confused by most people with the Persian equivalent. In the case of pottery there is some justification for this as there is evidence to show that certain mosaic tilework in the 14th- and 15th-century mosques of Asia Minor was the work of Persian artists. It is also known that Persian craftsmen were brought to Constantinople in the early 16th century and their influence is clearly seen in Turkish pottery of that date.

But from the middle of the 16th century there developed a native Turkish style of decoration in which designs of naturalistic, as opposed to the earlier stylistic, flower arrangements are the main characteristics. Designs were fairly uniform but the colouring varied so widely that the pottery of this period was (in fact erroneously) divided into three distinct groups, known as Rhodian (vivid red, green and turquoise), Damascus ware (manganese purple, sage-green and blue) and Kutahiya (in two shades of blue). Recent research has now almost conclusively proved that these three groups should all rightly be ascribed to Isnik (Nicaea) which was the chief centre of manufacture in the 16th century and produced the finest examples of Turkish pottery. The superiority of Isnik ware dwindled through the 17th century and was finally superseded in the 18th by the Golden Horn potteries at Constantinople.

Isnik ware is fine-grained, soft enough to powder, of an off-white colour, covered with a white liquid clay (slip) on which designs were painted in blue or outlined in black and completed in the colours already mentioned. The flower designs are natural and a characteristic was to show one tall stem bent over and broken as though forced into the circumference of the dish, as can be seen in the example here. Animals and birds occasionally appear, but never the human form.

Pottery of a coarser nature was produced at Kutahiya from the late 17th century onwards. Yellow is the distinctive colour of the decoration but blue, green and purple appear in designs of floral sprays of a cruder nature than the earlier ware. A fine pair of Kutahiya bottles with lids from the 18th century are shown on either side of the Isnik dish, all in the possession of the author.

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MOTORING

Gordon Wilkins

Can't bumpers be bumpworthy ?



SPORTS CARS *bumper styles from Italy.* Above: "*Pram-handle*" *type, built to take on all comers.* Below: *Elegantly combined with the radiator*



FEW THINGS ARE MORE INFURIATING than coming back to a parked car to find a lamp or radiator grille damaged by someone else's bumper. Yet our cars live a sheltered life compared with those in the United States, where it is normal practice to shunt other cars backwards and forwards to make a parking space. Conduct like that would earn a conviction for dangerous driving and a heavy bill for damages in England where you have only to brush the bumper of another car lightly in a traffic jam for the owner to shoot out like a greyhound from a trap to inspect the damage. The British clearly have no faith in their bumpers. Yet these same bumpers are exported overseas to lead a no more arduous life.

To cut costs and save weight some manufacturers have gone to extremes in lightweight bumper construction. I imagine Standard have probably repented of pressing the bumper bars out of the body panels of the Triumph Herald. They were easily dented and it takes much longer to beat out a dent and re-spray the panel than it does to bolt on a new bumper section. Heavy rubber protecting strips can now be bought to fit over them, and are standard on export models.

But apart from the unduly flimsy bumpers that mar many European cars, the thing which causes most discussion is the lack of uniformity in bumper heights. A baby car usually carries its bumpers where they give little or no protection against impact from large cars with heavy bars and overriders. Though certain guiding rules are laid down by the standards bureaux of the national motor industries to secure some uniformity in bumper heights, they are not universally observed. Styling conservatism is one reason. Designers of small cars have not yet faced the fact that the bumper ought to pass through the middle of the radiator grille and not beneath it if it is to give maximum protection. Italian designers have suggested various treatments, not always successful, and Ghia built a series of low-built sports cars for Chrysler in which the bumper made a complete frame for the radiator air intake.

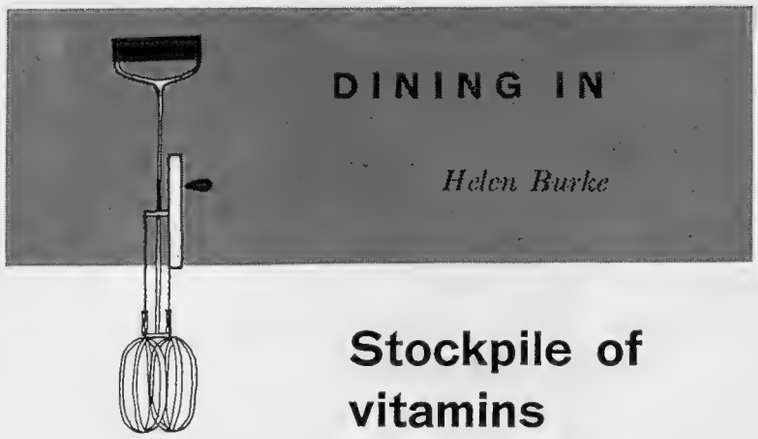
But even with uniform heights it is difficult to ensure full protection unless we use deep and heavy bumpers of the American type, and few people are ready to accept these over here. One may start off with all bumpers at the same height; but then tyre pressures change and so does the weight in the car. And if the brakes are put on hard, the front dives down and the back rises, so in a sudden traffic stop a car braking hard with soft tyres could still hook itself under the rear bumper of a car in front. So we add tall overriders, and may well end up with something like the ugly tubular scaffolding which some American owners, in desperation, have built on the front of their small sports cars to protect them from the onslaught of Detroit's leviathans.

Writing without access to my files in the 11 January issue I gave an incomplete picture of the millionaires in European car production. Readers lost no time in filling in the gaps for me. Miss J. Roe of Watford points out that Volkswagen production is by now about four millions, not three. And production has now been increased to 4,000 a day, a figure far beyond the foreseeable output of any British car. Renault have also rushed ahead. They built one million of the little 4CV in just under 11 years and the one-millionth Dauphine came off the line in February last year after less than four years of production. With well over a million Fiat 600s also running it was time the British industry achieved its first million with the Morris Minor.

But where is the next million coming from? Even Ford are now suffering from the recession which will slow the output of the Anglia, and it was disappointing to hear that output of the Morris Mini-Minor, another obvious potential millionaire, had been cut at Cowley, though fair numbers of the Austin version are still being made at Longbridge. A prototype for an eventual successor to the Morris Minor exists. It is a charming car with a handsome Farina saloon body and a transverse engine driving the front wheels on the pattern of the Miniminor. But in these days of cut-throat competition, can the B.M.C. really afford to burden its range with another new model?

If there are ways to make a slightly bigger engine, I see a much cheaper way to produce a winner. It is already in production; the Austin A40. Its Farina body is universally admired and it comes in both saloon and station wagon versions. International rally successes by Pat Moss and Ann Wisdom have shown what it can do when hotted up and "Doc" Shepherd's disc-braked car which does 110 m.p.h. and has won innumerable motor races shows the ultimate possibilities if an A40 is modified regardless of cost. For maximum export sales it could do with an engine increased to about 1100 c.c. (expensive in tooling, but much less costly than making an entirely new car). This might permit a slightly higher axle ratio for easier motorway cruising, or a more flexible top gear performance, or a little of each. Then to maintain the interest there might be phased introduction of an all-synchromesh gearbox, reclining seats, parking lamps and other Continental refinements.

To bring down the price of British cars, the number of different models will have to be reduced. So will some of the wage rates inflated by production bonuses. It is going to be difficult in future to justify paying an untrained, unskilled man £30 a week for screwing up wheel nuts, as has happened in the past. Faced with the facts, the trades unions have demanded corresponding pay cuts for the office staffs. Unfortunately the industry is short of good engineers and even the present rates of pay are not high enough to prevent many of them being lured away by the better prospects and lower taxes abroad.



DINING IN

Helen Burke

Stockpile of vitamins

LIVER—ANY LIVER—IS PROBABLY the most wholesome of all protein foods. Calf's liver is traditionally the most delicate and expensive. There is more iron in liver than in any other food, with the exception of lentils and egg yolks, the vitamin A content is second only to that of cod-liver oil, there is a generous amount of vitamin B1 and, in ox liver, even vitamin C. So if the family can take it, give them liver once or twice a month.

It has also the advantage of being cooked quickly. Indeed, folk who appreciate liver would rather have it just pale pink than the "normal" well-cooked colour all through.

Here is the best way I know of frying liver so that it is tender, and unlike the rubbery product we so often see when it is dipped in flour in the first place.

Cut calf's liver into slices about one-third inch thick. Place them in a basin, cover with boiling water and leave them for a minute, no more.

Lift out and dry on a cloth. Melt a nice piece of butter in a really hot pan and lay each piece of liver in it. By the time the last piece has been added, it is time to turn over the first piece, then the remaining ones in the order in which they went in and, by the time each slice has been taken from the pan, all of them will be cooked through—slightly pink, tender and moist. Season them with pepper and salt.

This way provides no gravy, nor does it take into account fried onions which so many people like with liver. For them, let us go back to the point before the slices of liver are covered with the boiling water.

Cut the onions into rings and fry them slowly in butter in a separate pan until they are cooked through, then raise the heat and brown them. Sprinkle them with a good dessert-spoon of flour. Add a pinch of grated nutmeg and pepper and salt to taste and simmer them slowly together. Just before drying and frying the liver, pour the water in which it soaked on to the onions and quickly cook to thicken the sauce.

LIVER & BACON: For some people this is a "must." First slowly fry rashers of streaky bacon and keep them hot while frying the liver after its hot-water treatment (see above), in the bacon fat. For improved flavour add a walnut or so of butter.

BROCHETTE DE FOIE DE VEAU is a lovely dish. Cut calf's liver into ¾- to 1-in. squares. Have ready blanched slices of onion, not cut across but downwards (if cut in rings they will not hold together). Also have ready similar squares of green or smoked streaky bacon and mushrooms and small tomatoes near enough the same size.

Impale the liver on skewers, alternately with a piece of onion, a mushroom and a tomato, with a piece of bacon between each. You will want 3 to 4 pieces each of liver and bacon to 1 to 2 of the other items. Brush the pieces generously with melted butter and grill them. Serve on a bed of pilaff rice with a nice piece of *maître d'hotel* butter.

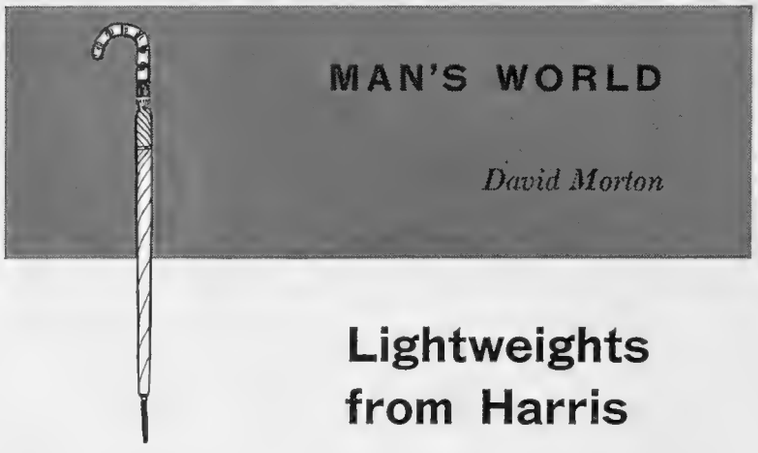
It is a good idea to remove the skewers before sending the dish to table, to prevent accidents. This is easily done. Place a large fork behind the item next to the skewer ring and push the contents off.

PILAFF RICE is made in several ways. This one is very simple:

Melt 1 oz. or more of butter in a small pan, and in it simmer a chopped small onion to a pale gold. Add 6 oz. Carolina or Patna rice and shake it over heat until it is well coated with the butter. When it is white, add ½ pint chicken stock (hot water and one of those chicken cubes will do), a bouquet garni and seasoning to taste. Simmer for a few minutes on top of the cooker. Add a further ½ pint stock, cover and place in the oven at 375 degrees Fahr. for 18 to 20 minutes.

If you have a non-stick pan, there will be no need to place it in the oven. Just finish off the rice over a slowish heat on the hob until all the moisture is absorbed.

For LIVER PROVENCALE follow the first recipe, adding to the onions 1 to 2 sliced mushrooms and 1 to 2 chopped skinned and deseeded tomatoes. Also if liked, a chopped clove of garlic. Cook them together. A few stoned black olives can also be included.



MAN'S WORLD

David Morton

Lightweights from Harris

ALL THINGS SCOTTISH HAVE A SNOB appeal abroad, especially in France, Italy and the United States, and apart perhaps from Scotch whisky, nothing appeals more than Harris tweed. Like whisky it seems a distillation of the character of Scotland. Its soft moss greens, heather colours and deep mountain blues reflect the spirit of the Hebrides and a cloth designed to stand up to life on those rocky islands would obviously do well anywhere. As a result the orb and cross trade mark is respected in almost every country in the world though it may often be stamped on Harris tweed that would be unfamiliar to us at home. Tastes in tweed vary with countries—dark greys are popular in Italy and Spain and the French consider mustard yellows, pinks and bottle greens *très chic, presque cad.* The most interesting news from Harris and Lewis is the sort of cloth in demand by the Americans. They ask for, and are getting, a light-weight tweed of about 6 oz. a yard. If this sounds improbable it should be noted that Harris tweed is 27 in. wide—half the usual width—so this weight corresponds to a 12-oz. material. This light-weight tweed is being woven in "Ivy League" stripes and is the ultimate in inness at Harvard and Yale.

After the enthusiasm for light-weight suits stimulated by the long hot summer of 1959, and not quite extinguished by the monsoon that was 1960, it is surprising to find that there is little demand for this 6-oz. cloth in England. I can only imagine this is because men don't know it's available—an oversight that I am glad to put right. Understandably most of us associate Harris tweed with a rather heavy warm material for overcoats and sports jackets and of course there will always be a demand for this classic cloth, but now the light-weight cloth is there for the asking it seems a pity to ignore its potential.

Harris owes a good deal to tweed. Originally woven by the islanders for the islanders, it wasn't until the "hungry" '40s of the last century that Lord and Lady Dunmore conceived the idea of taking the roughly finished cloth to the mainland and marketing it among the Scottish landed gentry. Later the Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Seaforth introduced mainland experts to instruct the islanders on methods of improving the finish and design of the material which was even at that time gaining a reputation. In 1920 Viscount Leverhulme introduced the Hattersley Domestic loom which is now used almost universally throughout the islands.

In 1909 the Harris Tweed Association was formed, and was granted the orb and cross trade mark that is stamped on approved tweed at 3-yd. intervals after it has passed rigorous inspection. Originally the tweed had to be woven from hand-spun virgin Scottish wool, but the handspinning is so long and tedious it threatened to limit production, so in 1934 the definition of Harris tweed was amended to allow machine-spun yarn. Production rocketed, but the weaving remains very much a cottage industry. Some cottage when you realize that the annual production is 6¼ million yards of cloth a year, in up to 3,000 patterns.

This Inverness cape is made of Harris tweed and has a wool tartan lining for extra warmth. Baker Street Irregulars should apply to Moss Bros. with £30 about their persons



Engagements

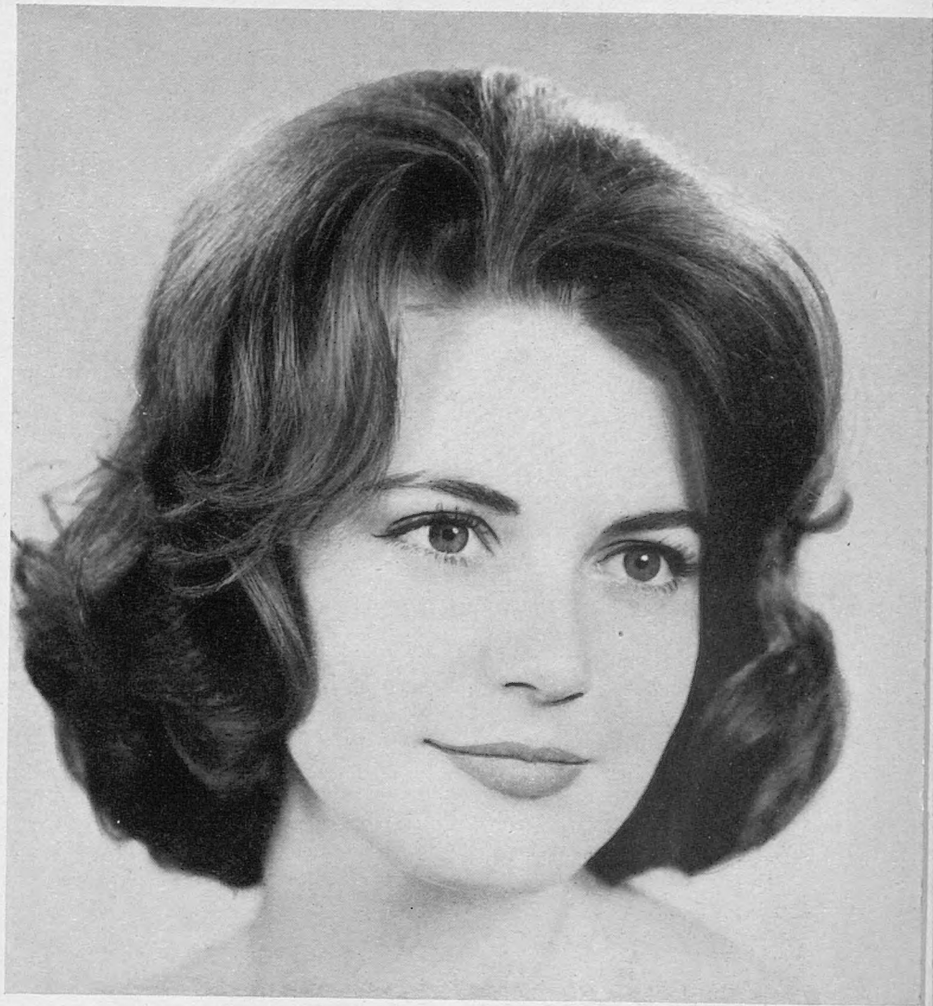


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Miss Valerie Prudence Moss *to* **Mr. James Henry Baker,** Irish Guards. *She* is the daughter of the late Mr. W. F. Moss, and of Mrs. Seymour Dearden, of Old Pockford, Chiddingfold, Surrey. *He* is the son of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. George Baker, of Dickhurst, Lurgashall, Sussex

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LENARE

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Carpenter-Garnier—Arcedeckne-Butler: Jacqueline, only child of Col. & Mrs. George Carpenter-Garnier, of Wickham, Hants, was married to Lt. Michael Arcedeckne-Butler, R.N., son of the late Major-Gen. & Mrs. St. J. D. Arcedeckne-Butler, at St. Nicholas, Wickham





Tomkins—Cameron: Gillian Jane, younger daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Basil Tomkins, of Wimborne Minster, Dorset, was married to Capt. Angus Duncan John Cameron, Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, son of Lt.-Col. D. & the Hon. Mrs. Cameron, at Our Lady of the Assumption, Warwick St.



Greenwood—Seager: Gillian Clare, only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. L. W. Greenwood, of Abberley Hall, Worcester, was married to Douglas Leighton, younger son of Sir Leighton Seager, Bt., & Lady Seager, of Marleigh Lodge, St. Mellons, Monmouthshire, at Chelsea Old Church, Cheyne Walk

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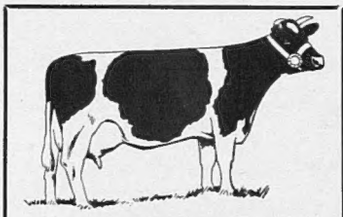
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